THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

At the corner of a street in an English town a well-known newspaper office recently advertised on a placard a new serial story, "The Price of a Soul." At the opposite corner of the same street the passer-by was confronted with an announcement on the notice-board outside of a fishmonger's shop to this effect, "Soles, 1*s.* per pound"!

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Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company have just published a little book on *Eugene Field in His Home*, by Ida Comstock Below. The illustrations—there are nineteen of them—make this little biography particularly attractive. The Messrs. Scribner have also published a volume of reminiscences by Francis Wilson, the well-known comedian, which he has called *The Eugene Field I Knew*. Mr. Wilson enjoyed a long and intimate friendship with Mr. Field, and is thus able to recall the poet's moods, not only in moments of relaxation, but in times of more serious thought. On another page will be found an article of interest to Eugene Field's admirers, containing an original contribution from his pen, which is now printed and a fac-simile of the original manuscript given for the first time.

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Mr. Bret Harte has recently completed the manuscript of a new short story entitled *Under the Eaves*.

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The death of Mr. James Payn, which took place on March 25, though long expected, is deeply regretted. He filled a place which remains at present unsupplied. We hope to give a somewhat full account of Mr. Payn's career in our next number. The obituary notices, with one or two exceptions, have been very meagre.

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In our issue for March we spoke of Captain F. A. Mitchel as "probably the only veteran who is spinning yarns." In so speaking we did great injustice to that very remarkable writer of short stories, Mr. Ambrose Bierce, whose book, *In the Midst of Life*, is reviewed elsewhere. Mr. Bierce is a veteran who served all through the Civil War, attaining the actual rank of Lieutenant, and the brevet rank, we believe, of Major, the latter for distinguished services. We certainly ought not to have temporarily forgotten Mr. Bierce, whom no one can permanently forget after having once become acquainted with his admirable work.

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Mr. Andrew Lang has written us in order to defend Mr. William McLennan against the criticism made in our March number by Mr. T. G. Marquis. Mr. Marquis, it will be remembered, took Mr. McLennan to task for having in his *Spanish John* made an over free use of the *Narrative* by Colonel John M'Dowell. Mr. Lang says that Mr. McLennan freely admits his indebtedness to the *Narrative*, and also that the *Narrative*, while not generally known in the United States, is perfectly familiar to Canadians; and that these facts taken together should have shielded Mr. McLennan from criticism. The real force of what Mr. Marquis says, however, seems to us to be in no way weakened by Mr. Lang's arguments, for Mr. McLennan's acknowledgment by no means impresses the reader as being anything more than

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an admission of general obligation for material. It falls far short of suggesting the use of long passages taken almost verbatim, these passages being the most striking and forcible in the whole book. Therefore, we think that Mr. Marquis is quite justified in all that he has said.

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In the seventh number of the *Outlook*, the new London literary journal with which Mr. W. E. Henley has been closely identified, there is an article on "A Trio of Scots," which we take to be from the pen of Neil Munro, and in which the charge of plagiarism against Mr. McLennan is very delicately dealt with, and some interesting information about Sir Walter Scott's artistic appropriation imparted by the way. It was a kindly appendix reference to *Spanish John* in Mr. Andrew Lang's trim little volume, *The Highlands of Scotland in* 1750, which attracted Mr. Munro to the novel. Mr. Munro speaks of *Spanish John* as a "marvellously able and entertaining story, stylish in its telling," and refers to its having been described as reminiscent of Stevenson. Its chief character, he says, has some of the temper of Alan Breck, whom he styles "that greatest and most lovable Celt in all fiction." Mr. Munro proceeds: "No, no, Mr. McLennan must be released of any charge of imitation; if he has any weakness, it is actual appropriation—not from Stevenson, but from another. It is a delicate problem how far a novelist may go with justice in applying the facts and phrases of older writers to the patching up of his picture. That it may be done honestly, and with ends magnificent enough to justify the means, has been shown by Shakespeare and by Scott. Dugald Dalgetty would never have existed had not his idiosyncrasies, his history, his actual phrase, been created by Sir James Turner long before Scott wrote *The Legend of Montrose*, and, as Mr. Lang points out (I think for the first time), Bailie Nicol Jarvie's whole speech in *Rob Roy* (Vol. II., chapter ix.), is 'lifted' from the Gartmore manuscript of 1747. One or two modern Scots authors have been charged with conveying in the same way from old chap-books, but to my mind the evidence reflected nothing on their credit. Mr. McLennan's utilisation of old narrative is, however, so astounding that he reopens the vexed problem of plagiarism in a new way altogether. Probably he never meant it to be inferred by the public that his romance was absolutely original, but he ought, in justice to himself, and to a soldier and writer dead eighty-eight years ago, to have made it more clear that many pages, incidents, and anecdotes in his novel were almost verbatim transcriptions from *The Narrative of the Early Life of Colonel John M'Donell of Scotos, written by himself after he came to Canada*, and published in the now extremely rare *Canadian Magazine* of April and May, 1825. The appropriation is all the more regrettable because Mr. McLennan gives proof that he can create character and drama as good as he borrows."

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Mr. William Briggs, of Toronto, has just published a new work by the Rev. R. G. Macbeth, entitled *The Making of the Canadian. West*, with portraits and illustrations. His former book, *The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life*, met with a warm reception, and it is in response to many requests to continue the history down to recent date that he has published the new volume. It is claimed for Mr. Macbeth that his book is written from a fresh standpoint and covers new ground. He is a native of the country, and is descended of those who came into close contact with the principal men and incidents of the early days. As student, lawyer, soldier, and clergyman, he is qualified to tell vividly the story of Manitoba's political, educational, and religious progress.

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The United States Navy Department, we understand, has recently purchased a supply of Lieutenant Sargent's two books, *The Campaign of Marengo* and *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign*, published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, for distribution in the navy. This action of the Government must doubtless be very gratifying to Lieutenant Sargent, the more so that some months ago a similar supply of the latter work was purchased by the War Department and distributed throughout the army.

❀

To follow the successive adaptations of a useful idea is always interesting and

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often instructive. It is nearly forty years since M. Eugène Crépet published the first of his four invaluable volumes in *Les Poètes Français*, an anthology in which the selections from each author were preceded by a critical study of that poet prepared by a specialist. Among the critics who lent M. Crépet their aid were Gautier, Baudelaire, Banville, Jules Janin, and Philoxène Boyer; the general introduction was written by Sainte-Beuve. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Humphry Ward applied the same method to the *English Poets*, which he edited in four volumes, aided in special criticisms by Professors Dowden, Minto, and Hales, by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and many other British essayists of the time. Among these other contributors were the editor's wife, then not known as a novelist, his father-in-law, Mr. Thomas Arnold, and his wife's uncle, Matthew Arnold, who contributed the general introduction, in rivalry with that which Sainte-Beuve had written for the earlier French work.

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The same method was employed a little later by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton in their *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States*, of which the fifth and final volume appeared about ten years ago. Mr. Ward had excluded all American poets from what purported to be an anthology of the best poems in the language common to England and America; and his essayists were all British also. In *Actors and Actresses* both the subjects and the essayists were chosen in a less insular spirit, and Mr. Dobson, Mr. Archer, and other British writers were invited to contribute alongside the leading American critics of the theatre. This example did not benefit Mr. Henry Craik, who published, in 1896, the last of five volumes of *English Prose*, for which no American essayist was asked to write, and in which the prose of only one American author was considered. It is impossible to guess just why Mr. Craik should have included Washington Irving in his fifth volume while excluding Franklin and Emerson, Hawthorne and Lowell. It is true that Mr. Craik made amends for these American omissions by including Dean Church and Dean Mansel, British masters of prose that no American editor would ever have thought of. Fortunately, Mr. Craik's insular limitations left the way open for a sixth volume of *English Prose*, devoted wholly to American authors. This will be issued in the fall by the Macmillan Company, who are the publishers of Mr. Craik's series. It will be edited by Professor G. R. Carpenter of Columbia, who will contribute the general introductions. Among the American critics whom the editor has enlisted are Mr. Howells ("Curtis"), Professor Charles Eliot Norton ("Lowell"), Professor H. T. Peck ("Lincoln"), Professor Brander Matthews ("Irving"), Mr. Hamlin Garland ("Grant"), Professor Trent ("Jefferson"), and Colonel Higginson ("Thoreau"). It is to be hoped that a fifth volume may in like manner some day be added to Mr. Ward's *English Poets*, in which an American editor with the aid of American critics shall present an anthology of such American verse as is really worthy of comparison with the British verse of the nineteenth century as contained in Mr. Ward's fourth volume. Another series on the same plan, also to be published by the Macmillan Company in the more distant future, is *Representative English Comedies*, edited in five volumes by Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California. The editor expects to include some forty comic plays from Heywood and Sheridan, and he has invited scholars on both sides of the Atlantic to aid him with special essays. Among the British contributors are Mr. A. W. Pollard ("Heywood"), Professor Dowden ("Shakespeare"), Mr. Gollancz ("Dekker"), Mr. Bullen ("Middleton"), Mr. Sidney Lee ("Buckingham"), and Mr. A. W. Ward ("Dryden"). Among the American contributors are Professor G. P. Baker ("Lyly"), Professor Woodberry ("Greene"), Professor Brander Matthews ("Massinger"), Professor Gummere ("Beaumont and Fletcher"), Professor Beers ("Cowley"), Professor G. R. Carpenter ("Steele"), and Professor Gayley ("Sheridan"). The editor has been spending a year of leave in England, making researches at the British Museum. It is not probable that the first volume will be issued before next year.

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Arrangements have just been completed with Mr. Will H. Low to illustrate *The Forest of Arden*, which has hitherto formed a part of Mr. Hamil-

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ton W. Mabie's *Under the Trees and Elsewhere*. It was of *Under the Trees* that the late George William Curtis said, "I think that such a book of refined thought and natural sentiment is a public service to our crowd and hurry," and he described it in his felicitous manner as "a flute's breathing of Arcadian melodies amid the puffs and shrieks of steam whistles." It has been a matter of surprise to us in these days, when it is customary to take some gem of literature from an author's work and give it a unique and artistic setting, that Mr. Mabie's charming idyll of nature has not been earlier honoured in this way. *The Forest of Arden* is a prose poem of nature not unworthy to be placed beside Emerson's rhapsody. It is one of the finest things that Mr. Mabie has ever done. Freshness of feeling, delight in nature, felicity of phrase and rhythm, have entered into this work and given it an almost classic beauty. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we note the announcement that it is to have a place apart and graced by the artistic imagination of Mr. Low. It will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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We are frequently being asked for advice by beginners in journalism, and especially from women, who are more and more swelling the ranks of journalistic labour. One of the best books on journalism that we have seen has just been published by Mr. John Lane, and ought to have a very wide circulation. It is entitled *Journalism for Women*, a practical guide, by E. A. Bennett. Mr. Bennett is the editor of an English paper called *Woman*, and knows whereof he writes. His book is brightly written, frank in tone and practical in its counsel. Every woman who thinks of attempting journalism should read it. Not that we agree with Mr. Bennett in every point. We do not like his advising women contributors to see their editor face to face, for this is to take a mean advantage of the editor, especially if he is young and susceptible. On the whole, however, Mr. Bennett is thoroughly trustworthy so far as he goes, only he does not go far enough. Perhaps he has his own reasons for this, but it would certainly be worth while to explain just how much a woman journalist may expect to make, where she may expect to get it, and how she should train herself for a permanent position. Rapidity is one great element in success. If you turn out your work slowly you are doomed. An editor does not care two straws how long you take over your work, and he is apt to detest contributors who tell him of the groaning and sweating and extreme conscientiousness and thoroughness with which their work has been done. He can judge whether the work is good or not, and that is all he cares about. Again, many women are spoiled for journalism because they are always aiming at something better than the work that presents itself. If they are doing "Answers to Correspondents," they look forward to doing reviews of books and leading articles, and if they go on to that, they are looking forward to securing a permanent place in literature. We must not mislead women with the idea that journalism is an easy profession. No profession is easy in these days; and so far as work goes, journalism is about the hardest of all, though the amount of real worry may be small in comparison with that of many other professions.

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In a recent number of the *British Weekly* Dr. Robertson Nicoll in his Rambling Remarks said that he had the pleasure of talking the other day with one of George Eliot's old friends. "Was she as coarse looking as her portrait?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply, "and the older she grew the coarser looking she became. Her portrait by Sir Frederic Burton is an exact likeness. I have frequently compared it feature by feature with herself, and nothing could be more perfect. But she had the most charming voice I have ever heard—a sweet, low contralto. This atoned for the harshness of her features." "Was she conceited?" "Yes, very much so," was the reply, "but it was not the conceit of a poet or the conceit of a novelist; it was the conceit of a University don, the conceit that used to exist, if it does not exist now—the conceit of knowing everything that was to be known."

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It was not to be expected that this ruthless description would pass unnoticed, and a writer in the *Westminster*

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Gazette lost no time in replying to this very unfavourable account. The writer, it appears, is a lady who for many years was on close terms of intimacy with George Eliot, and she submits the following interesting description of her:

"How any one—himself looking out of refined eyes—could call George Eliot's features 'coarse,' I cannot for a moment understand. Massive they were, and reminded one in their power of Savonarola; in their sweetness and thought, of Dante. I have seen her face look perfectly beautiful; and once I remember—can I forget?—while talking to me with great earnestness and feeling, there was a light and glory on her face that made me think of the transfigured faces on the Mount, and that held me so spellbound with wonder and admiration, that I was never able to recall one word of what she had been saying. I have grieved over this, for she was speaking of what had been nearest her heart in writing her books.

"So very far from being conceited or 'pedantic,' I never knew one more heartfeltly (*sic*) modest, less self-assertive. Self-knowledge, naturally, she had, and great diffidence—very surprising to me in her. Her wide, kindly tolerance, her lovingness, her maternal compassion for the world's sufferings and wrongs, her readiness to be pleased and amused, were to me most helpful and altogether lovely."

❀

Mr. W. E. Henley recognises in *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, which has just been published by the Messrs. Harper, the work of a man who loves his race, and for his race's sake would like to make literature. He pronounces this new book of Mr. Zangwill's to be a "brave, eloquent, absorbing, and, on the whole, persuasive book, whose author—speaking with a magnanimity and a large and liberal candour not common to his race—tells you as much perhaps as has before been told in modern literature." Mr. Zangwill has himself complained that the Jew has not been adequately represented in literature. In his new book he comes nearer probably to incarnating the essence and substance of the Jew than has any other writer. Yet because of his idealism he is probably not so "reliable," to use his own adjective, as he is convincing. But, as Mr. Henley says, *Dreamers of the Ghetto* "goes far to explain the Jew; in terms of romance it sets forth not a little of the most romantic, practical, persistent, and immitigable people that the world has known or will ever know. It is, in fact, a Jew of something akin to genius upon Jewry—the unchangeable quantity."

Interesting to collectors of *ex libris* will be the book-plate herewith reproduced, which has recently been designed by Mr. Frank Emanuel for Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenaz Jewish communities of the British Empire. Dr. Adler, who is in his sixtieth year, is a remarkable man.

He is a ready and fluent public speaker and a gifted conversationalist, whose fund of Talmudical stories is apparently inexhaustible. Dr. Adler is liked and admired by Jews of every shade of thought, notwithstanding the fact that he is opposed to the Zionist movement.

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Ibsen's seventieth birthday, which was celebrated on Sunday, March 20th, is satirised, with particular reference to the movement set on foot by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer in London, in "A Diary of Progress," published in a recent number of the *Academy*. We give some extracts for the delectation of those who feel that Ibsen-worship is being a little overdone. The drawing reproduced on the next page is also taken from a portrait published by the same periodical.

"*Some time in winter.*—Mr. Gosse remembers that Ibsen's seventieth birthday is imminent, and makes a note of it in his Birthday Presentation memorandum-book.

"*Later.*—Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer prepare plans for birthday present to the playwright.

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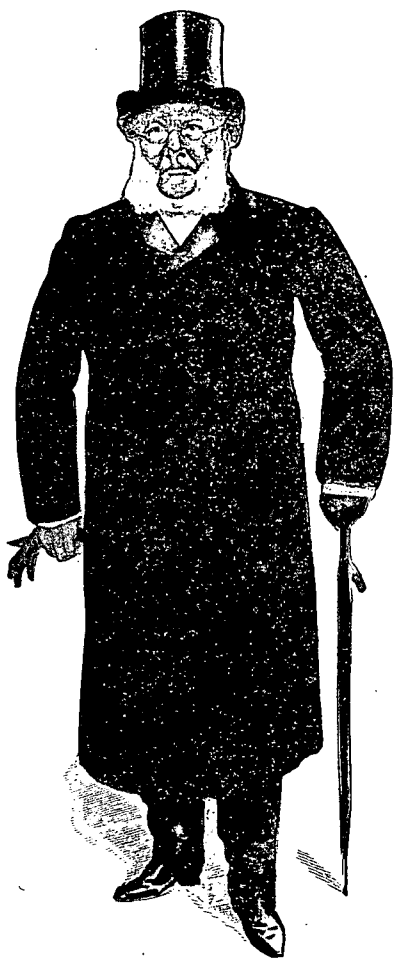
"*Later.*—A chosen few are permitted the privilege (*sic*) of subscribing a guinea to the birthday fund.

"*Later.*—An order is given for a silver *ciborium*—a fac-simile of one made for George II.—a silver ladle and a silver cup.

"*Tuesday, March 15th.*—Appearance of the Jubilee Chronological Edition of Ibsen's works at Copenhagen. Introduction by Ibsen, in which he affectionately begs his readers not temporarily to lay aside or skip any single piece, but to master the works—to read and live



HENRIK IBSEN.

Drawn by Gustav Lerum.

through them—in the order in which they are composed. Readers begin, without skipping, to master the works.

"*Saturday, March 19th.*—The publication in *Chronicle* of letter to subscribers, and letter to Ibsen, both signed by Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, and list of subscribers. In the first letter Ibsen is complimented on his executive skill and intellectual intrepidity. 'Some of us,' it continues, 'recognised your force and your distinction a quarter of a century ago; some of us have but lately come into the range of your genius; but we all alike rejoice in its vital power, and hope for many fresh manifestations of its versatility.' General opinion being that the only English recogniser of Ibsen's force and distinction a quarter of a century ago was Mr. Gosse, readers are disturbed to notice the use of the plural.

"*Sunday, March 20th.*—Ibsen's birthday in Christiania. Arrival of letter from Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, accompanied by silver gifts. Ibsen is grateful, but has not the slightest notion what to do with them. Reads letter. Is puzzled. Reads that only £53 11*s.* could be amassed for him. Is amused, but feels gratitude to Mr. Gosse for discovering him. Special performances of Ibsen's plays on the continent. None in London. Fireworks.

"*Wednesday, March 23d.*—Article by Mr. Gosse in the *Sketch* on the 'Great Norwegian Master.' Reproduction of Ibsen's portrait and Mr. Gosse's autograph. Mr. Gosse tells how one burning summer's day in July, 1871, he entered the principal bookshop in Trondhjem and asked the assistant: 'Have you got such a thing as a living poet in Norway?' In reply he received a copy of Ibsen's *Digte*. He read it and was deeply moved. It seemed to him that this was a new planet. Hence became the apostle of Ibsen. In 1873 Mr. Archer succeeded him.

"No performance of Ibsen's play in London. No letter from G. B. Shaw. Letters in the *Chronicle* scornful of the Philistinism, inadequacy, and irrelevance of the gifts and letters to Ibsen.

"Reflection 1. Presentations should either be very public or quite private. Reflection 2. Signatures to such presentations should not wander into the daily papers. Reflection 3. Persons prevented from joining in concerted schemes should not write to the papers, but send a private present by parcels post. Reflection 4. Bitter are the abuses of advertisement."

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Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in the autumn *Glimpses of Modern German Culture*, by Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard University, and *Modern French Fiction*, by Professor Benjamin W. Wells, of Sewanee University. Both writers have given evidence of their profound knowledge and thorough grasp of the literary conditions of modern life, and their work is sure to commend itself to the student of literature and to the reader anxious to become conversant with the movements of English and German culture.

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An amusing story comes to us from Hungary. It appears that in that coun-

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try a ballet was lately produced which was based upon Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*. The author, hearing of the production, wrote asking for some programmes, photographs, etc., and received a reply from the manager of the theatre that he was much shocked at the receipt of this letter, for he, in common with many other citizens of the dual empire, had for months believed that the creator of *She* was dead. Indeed, so the manager said, long obituary notices had appeared in some of their most important papers. Mr. Haggard wrote again that if the obituary notices were in any more translatable language than Magyar, he would be glad to see a few of them, and at the same time he begged that a paragraph might be circulated among the newspapers to the effect that he was very much alive and in the best of health. The last we have heard is that the manager reports that no newspaper will insert the paragraphs, that they decline to credit his statement, and look upon his request as a clever but somewhat unscrupulous attempt to obtain fine advertisements for the ballet

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Mr. G. W. Cable has gone to England, where he will stay for some time, and will give readings during his visit. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately his novel, *The Grandissimes*, which many good judges consider his best piece of work. It will contain a short introduction from the pen of Mr. Barrie, between whom and Mr. Cable there is a fast friendship. There is no doubt that English men of letters who have been so hospitably treated in America will do their best to make Mr. Cable's visit agreeable and successful.

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There is a prospect of a new and authorised life of Madame Patti being written by a well-known journalist who has for many years been familiar with the musical world.

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The report that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's new monthly magazine is to be sold at six cents is not contradicted, and we now hear that advertisers are to be guaranteed a circulation of the first number of not less than half a million copies.

Mr. Harmsworth has benefited by his journey to Egypt. He has returned full of schemes for new publications, two of which, at least, will see the light this spring. Mr. Harmsworth, in the course of an interview with a novelist the other day, said that competition in newspapers was about to begin in London. He seems to think that there has been no competition hitherto, but that the English newspapers will shortly find themselves obeying the same conditions which govern journalism in New York, where competition is most fierce, and profits are cut down to a minimum. Mr. Harmsworth thinks, by the way, that of all ideal holidays for the literary man, a holiday upon the Nile is the most perfect.

❀

Mr. Steevens, whose *With the Conquering Turk* has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, contemplates two new books upon the Nile this year. He will include in the first his papers which have recently been appearing in the London *Daily Mail*. The second book will deal with Khartoum and his journey there. He, like others who have wandered in Egypt this year, is a firm believer in the country as a camping ground for the literary man.

❀

One of the smartest journalists and most amusing personal writers in London is Mr. W. P. Ryan, whose work is well known not only through his daily notes in the *Sun* (London), but in many of the other papers. Mr. Ryan has published some of his entertaining essays in a volume called *Literary London: Its Lights and Comedies*, which is an inviting title. The best three sketches are, perhaps, "Memories," "Authors I Cannot Take Seriously," and "The New Doom of Narcissus." A great deal of it is intended to be humorous, and it is with this that we are inclined to quarrel. For example, take the following passage, which we choose at random. Is it really funny?

"'Never,' said the spirit above the still wilder din, 'and your face shall be on dusty days even as Paul Dunbar's poetry, and your locks shall be as Walt Whitman's philosophy. Even in the sight of your Golden Girls of all Girls you must be what the Celts call a holy show: in other words, as ugly as the literary morality of George Egerton.'"

There is a good deal more of this

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kind of matter scattered throughout the volume. A certain timidity also mars Mr. Ryan's impressions. He is perpetually hitting around the nail. Not, you feel, because he cannot hit the head, but because he is afraid to.

❀

Mr. Grant Allen has written an exceedingly interesting *Guide Book* for Americans visiting Europe. This is a new idea, which certainly commends itself as a bright one. A good guide to the European Tour is sadly wanted in America, and no one could write it so well as Mr. Allen.

❀

It is possible that Mr. Phil May's illustrations to *David Copperfield* will be published, first of all, in a portfolio. The idea seems to us an excellent one. Many people do not care for new illustrations to Dickens when they are included in the novelist's works, but a portfolio of drawings, giving us Mr. Phil May's idea of *David Copperfield* and its characters and scenes, should be exceedingly welcome.

❀

We understand that Mr. Mackenzie Bell is collecting materials for a book about Jean Ingelow similar to that which he recently published on Christina Rossetti.

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Professor Charles Eliot Norton is to retire from the active duties of the Chair of Fine Arts in Harvard University at the close of the present college year. He is still to continue his lectures on Modern Languages. Notwithstanding his long and varied career, Professor Norton is only in his seventieth year, and is in full vigour. Few men have done better and more unobtrusive service to arts and letters than he, and his personal friendship has been most highly prized by many of the foremost men in Britain and America. The larger public may expect to gain from Professor Norton's leisure what Harvard has lost.

❀

Some years ago Mr. Barrie observed that three writers were using the curiously popular signature "Q." Only one of these has survived—namely, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. As Mr. Barrie prognosticated even then, it seemed as if it were his "to keep," for "Q" is like the competition cups that are only yours for a season, unless you manage to win them three times in succession. It may be said that Mr. Quiller-Couch has been the champion Q since 1890. That Mr. Quiller-Couch has come to stay would seem to be confirmed by the publication, for the first time, of his stories and novels in a uniform edition, now issued in nine volumes by the Messrs. Scribner. The standard excellence of these subscription editions of popular authors of the day is now too well recognised to call for further commendation. The edition, by the way, does not contain his latest story, *Ia*, published two years ago by the same firm in their Ivory Series.

❀

Writing of "Q's" work some half dozen years ago, Mr. Barrie observed that there was evidence in what he had done to believe that he would do for Cornwall what Hardy has done for Dorset, though the methods of the two writers are as unlike as their counties. But, he added, that could only be if in filling his note-book with his little Cornish comedies and tragedies Mr. Quiller-Couch was preparing for more sustained efforts. To be sure, since then we have had from him *The Delectable Duchy*, a book as fine in every way and as deserving of long life as *A Window in Thrums*. We have waited long for the novel which we have been led to understand Mr. Quiller-Couch has been leisurely writing, and now we are told that it is to be finished in July, and may see the light in *Scribner's Magazine*, beginning in January. There is a possibility that Mr. Barrie's new story, *The Celebrated Tommy*, may take this place, but knowing Mr. Barrie's methods to be very slow and uncertain, we think it more likely that "Q's" novel will make its appearance first.

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Although the Mr. Quiller-Couch of to-day is the Quiller-Couch of *Dead Man's Rock* (his first book) grown out of recognition, the whole trend of his mind has been evident from the outset. He is a realist, in the sense of being a close observer of the human document. He has none of the pessimistic or cynical tendencies of the age; rather

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he seems to find that "somehow the light of every soul burns upward," even in such an abject specimen of humanity as "These-an'-That," the subject of one of his *Noughts and Crosses*. It is well that this kind of realism should not go without its artistic expression in literature, and in recent years it has found no such powerful exponent as in the author of *The Delectable Duchy*. The late Professor Minto, who was an ardent admirer of Mr. Quiller-Couch, once observed that this sympathy with the generous emotions is one of his most marked qualities, and that looking back upon his work as a whole, its breadth of feeling, opulence of invention, and mastery of expression, there is no man of his age of whom greater things may more confidently be expected.

❀

Recognising "Q's" decided views of fiction, it may be interesting to quote what he once said himself about the truth of realism. "There is much *representation* of life," said he, "and little presentation. All this evolves an attitude of humility toward nature and the great facts of life. Take Hardy, for instance; see how true he is. In one of his books he tells us that he knows what kind of tree it is he is walking under at night, merely by the sound the wind makes rustling through the leaves. There is an indication also of the humble study of nature. But still, while you must *represent*, you cannot get rid of *presentation*, as Mr. Howells urges must be done. A writer cannot get away from himself. I believe myself in no general statement. Each man brings forth his own work, and the critics must find this out."

Sincerely yours
A. T. Quiller Couch

Mr. Quiller-Couch is a young man of thirty-five years of age, and comes of a family whose roots are imbedded through many generations in Cornish soil. Most of his work is true to life, and is founded on present observation and traditions of the past in Cornwall. Especially has he studied the poor people of these parts. He thoroughly agrees with Mr. Thomas Hardy that that class of society is infinitely fresher, more human, and more romantic than the lower middle classes. There is little fear of Mr. Quiller-Couch's being tempted by the story of adventure, as his preference is for the serious novel.

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Apropos of the various translations and paraphrases of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, a writer in the *Sketch* has called attention to a curious parallel between a certain well-known passage therein and one of the rarest broadsides illustrated by George Cruikshank. The accompanying illustration is a reduced reproduction of Cruikshank's coloured sheet, which was issued in 1816. Its original price was probably twopence, and what is believed to be the only copy now in existence was sold at the Messrs. Sotheby's last June, with two other song heads, for £26 *s.* Following are the parallel passages, the first from Edward FitzGerald's translation, the second being the words which accompanied Cruikshank's illustration to "The Brown Jug."

"Well," murmur'd one, "let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."

THE BROWN JUG

"Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale,
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er cracked a bottle or fathomed a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.
It chanced as in dog days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.
His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time unto clay had dissolved it again,
A porter found out in his covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale."

It may be added that Toby's companion is believed to be a portrait of the artist by himself.

❀

Paris is said to be in raptures over Ruskin. It has received *The Stones of Venice* as a new Apocalypse, and the foundation has been laid for a new cult. M. Robert de la Sizeranne, French lecturer and dilettante in letters, is credited with discovering the English prophet. Fifty years seems a long time for Ruskin to have been on the way to Paris, but, as one writer has suggested, Ruskin is not likely to complain, for the prophet and the people to whom he has come understand each other marvellously—it is in Paris that Ruskin's temple will be built.

❀

The French are always discovering something new in the way of popular amusement, or if they discover something which is not strictly new, they give it a novel treatment, which comes substantially to the same thing. Just now the Parisians are greatly diverted by what they call *chansons en crinoline*, which are being sung at one of the more frivolous theatres. The songs are the lackadaisical and sentimental songs which were popular between 1850 and 1860—that is, in the early years of the Second Empire, and they are sung in the costume of that period of immense hoopskirts and of hair worn low so as to cover the ears. This in itself would not be especially amusing, though not devoid of interest, but Madame Milly Meyer, who appears in this costume and renders the songs, carries out the thing in a fashion that is particularly piquant, singing the most sentimental passages with all the nods and shrugs and mean-

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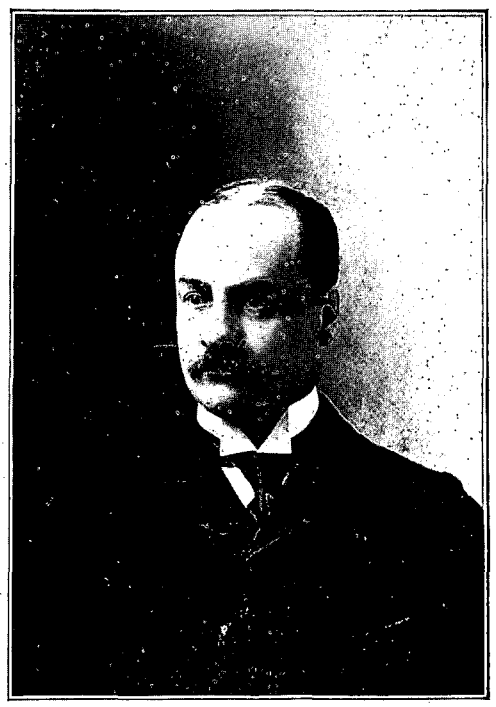
ing leers of the modern *gommeuse*, and rendering the most tear-compelling sentiments in a voice breathless with suppressed laughter. The combination is described as being peculiarly incongruous—the *niaiserie* of the past and the *diablerie* of the present. One French journal, in speaking of the manner in which the pathos of one generation becomes the burlesque of the next, expresses the rather improbable wish that the generation after ours might find in the *chanson grisè* of the present day nothing worse than what is ludicrous.

❀

Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, whose collected addresses on educational subjects are reviewed on another page, is perhaps at the present time the most conspicuous and influential American specialist in Education. Though still young, he has filled many important offices, and is endowed with a tireless energy which is felt in many and varied departments of intellectual activity. Besides occupying the Chair of Philosophy and Education in Columbia University, and editing the *Educational Review*, he has been President of Teachers' College in this city, President of the National Educational Association, Editor of *Science*, and a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education. He has also found time to interest himself in many important movements of a political nature, some of them indirectly relating to educational matters and some of them looking to general municipal and other reforms. His lectures and addresses before large bodies of educators have had a wide influence in diffusing the most modern views of educational theory ; and he has brought out a number of highly valuable works as editor of the Messrs. Scribner's Great Educators Series.

❀

Dr. Butler combines the breadth and liberality of the man of the world with the accurate and scientific training of the most modern scholarship ; and the combination is still sufficiently rare to call for especial notice in these days, when knowledge of the world is so often misdirected through lack of special training, and when special training is so often made futile by the narrowness of its provincialism. We are not overfond ourselves of the high-pressure theories that are getting to be so rife among students of pædagogy and didactics, but we think the reason why these theories, which in themselves often contain so much that is good, are nevertheless productive of undoubted harm, is to be found in the fact that they are not controlled and modified by practical knowledge of human nature, and by a saving sense of humour and proportion. It is to men like Dr. Butler that we have to trust to correct the crankiness of those who think that all things can be done by formula, and who narrow both theory and practice down to a vanishing point. The photograph which we here reproduce was taken within the last few weeks by the Messrs. Pach Brothers of this city.



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

❀

The Gadfly, published last year by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, has become much talked about both in this country and in England, and its sales are constantly and steadily increasing. During the past month the orders received for it by the publishers have exceeded the previous demand within the same

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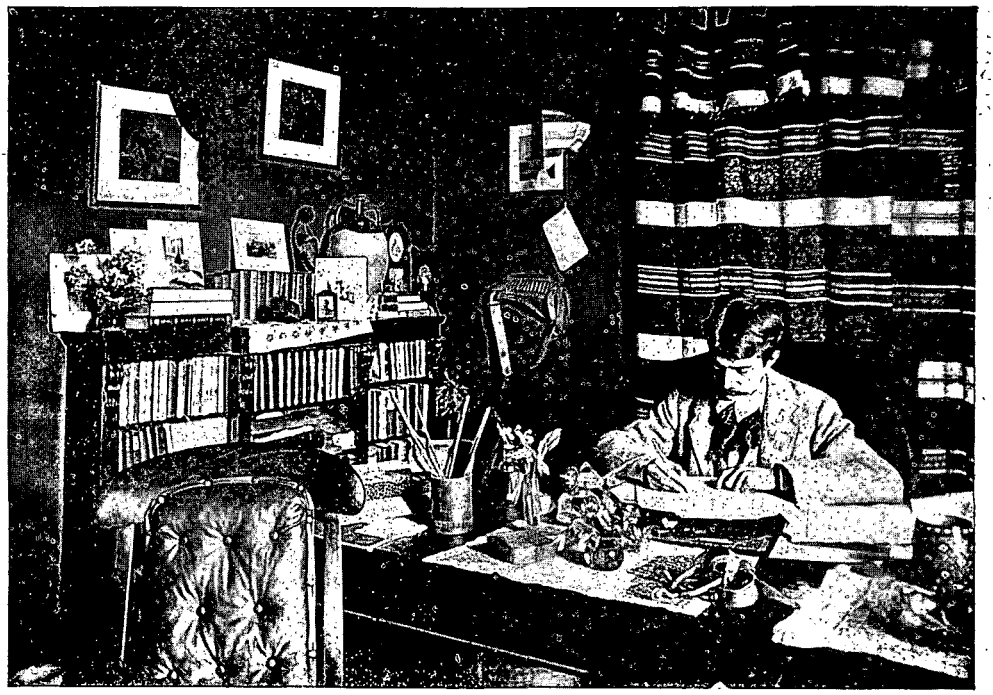

STEPHEN CRANE IN HIS "DEN" IN ENGLAND.

time, and it is now in its seventh edition here. It has been something of a surprise to learn that the author is a woman, but beyond that fact, and that on account of her husband's ill-health she spends most of her time with him in Italy, nothing definite in the way of information regarding the author can be obtained. Mrs. Voynich is decidedly averse to making public any particulars concerning herself, and no portrait of her can be had. It is said that her husband is a Polish patriot, who was exiled to Siberia, where his health was broken before he made his escape. Mrs. Voynich has certainly written a remarkable book.

❀

A cable despatch from Mr. Stephen Crane, received as we go to press by Mr. Robert Barr, the well-known English novelist, who is at present on a visit to this country, informs us that the author of *The Red Badge of Courage* will sail immediately for New York, so that when this reaches the eye of the reader he will in all probability have reached these shores. Mr. Crane seems to believe that war between Spain and America is inevitable, and notwithstanding his well-nigh fatal expedition as a war correspondent to Cuba on a previous occasion, he is ready for the fray once more. Mr. Crane, by the way, does not live in London, nor is he engaged on a novel of London life, as was stated by a contemporary the other day. He lives in a little Surrey town, about twenty miles out of London, and although he has been hard at work on two novels, neither of them deals with the great English metropolis. Mr. Crane was very despondent about his work for a time, but recently he has regained confidence in himself, and is seriously endeavouring to fulfil his remarkable promise.

❀

A novelty in advertising a play founded on the work of a popular author was recently adopted in Washington during the week of the initial performance of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, dramatised from Ian Maclaren's stories. This was an exhibition in one of the large windows of Messrs. Woodward and Lothrop's store, consisting of the works of the author, photographs and sketches forming the originals of the illustrations, with a background of lithographed playbills.

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A "BONNIE BRIER BUSH" WINDOW EXHIBIT IN WASHINGTON.

In the centre there was set a model of one of the scenes in the play, made by Mr. Joseph Physioc of this city. The accompanying illustration was taken from a photograph of the window. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, happily described as a domestic play, was successfully produced at the Lafayette Square Theatre, in Washington, for the first time on March 28th. It was a notable occasion, and the audience present was limited in number only by the dimensions of the house, and in distinction by the people who were not "out of town." One critic describes the play as a picture of *The Old Homestead* framed in Scotch thistle, and with all the purity of treatment, all the simplicity and pathos of that classic of American playwriting, and says that the whole drama is filled to the brim with good influences and earnest work. It has also been likened to the once popular *Hazel Kirke*, and pronounced in certain respects to be superior in quality to that play.

Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who plays Lachlan Campbell, it is said "does in his old days a bit of acting he has never surpassed in his younger days. He finished an incomplete character sketch, and made it as clear and distinct as a cameo. His emotional work was brilliant, and his quieter scenes perfect in their response. Mr. Charles A. Harbury, too, achieved a triumph. His Dr. Maclure is unequalled as a drawing from book-lore. It is Ian Maclaren's physician to the life, and the nature of the man is clothed in a make-up that makes one forget that pictures do not walk, and look to see if any have escaped

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

from his own particular volume of Scotch tales." Miss Marie Burroughs was strikingly capable in her interpretation of the lines of Kate Carnegie, and most charming in her impersonation of that character. The production is declared to be the most beautiful that has been seen in many years. The critics are unanimous in predicting a great success for the play. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* opened in Chicago at McVicker's Theatre on April 11th.

❀

The accompanying portrait of Gertrude Atherton is from a new photograph recently taken by E. Le Mesurier and W. Marshall. A review of her new book, *American Wives and English Husbands*, appears on another page.

❀

Ian Maclaren, during his recent visit to the Riviera, spent some time with Dr. George Macdonald in his home. Dr. Watson writes that Dr. Macdonald "is 'stepping Westward' and looks frail, but he is not ill, and he grows more saintly every year. He spoke with great delight of 'the two poets of our day,' as he called Browning and Tennyson, and he holds that 'In Memoriam' will, as time goes on, be considered Tennyson's masterpiece, and that in 'Saul' Browning touched his height, which, he said, was the poet's own opinion. Of his own work George Macdonald likes *Robert Falconer* best, but I gathered that he loves his verse more than his prose. Like Tennyson, in 'The Pilot,' and Browning, in 'Asolando,' it may be that he also will give us a swan-song before he goes to see those things whereof he has written."

❀

The series of articles on American Bookmen, which is brought to a close in the present number by the paper on "Longfellow and Holmes," will be revised and expanded into a volume by the author, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, and published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The series has attracted wide attention, and has been one of the most successful features in the brief history of THE BOOKMAN. While dealing with familiar subjects and going over old ground, Mr. Howe has infused new life and interest into his work, and has treated the subject from a fresh point of view. Mr. Howe's *American Bookmen* will be found not only

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to contain a fund of information regarding the greater American authors of the century, but will form a most entertaining and delightful book, profusely illustrated with portraits, fac-similes, and other illustrations, many of them published for the first time.

❀

In justice to Mr. George Gissing, the novelist, who is at present residing in Rome, we reprint the following letter from a recent number of the *Academy*:

"SIR: In the *Academy* of March 5th appeared an article headed 'Mr. George Gissing at Home,' consisting for the most part of quotations from an article on the same subject in the American *Book Buyer*. Will you permit me to say that the tone adopted by this American writer is not a little offensive to me, that many of his so-called facts are not facts at all, and that he puts into my mouth words that I never uttered, and never could have uttered?

"The *Book Buyer* article is evidently based upon certain autobiographical brevities supplied by me, two years or more ago, to an American journalist. Where the supplementary details came from (unless they are purely imaginary) I know not. I am not so happy as to have 'mastered' five languages, and never led any one to suppose that I had. I never 'spent a year among the peasants of Italy.' I produce anything but 'a tremendous amount of copy each year.' I am not working 'on a new novel of London life;' and I never 'tried my hand at biography.' Worse than all this is the long passage you quote in conclusion, a sort of general confession, which the American writer says that I made 'one day, after a conversation on the methods of literary production.' Every line of this is distasteful to me, and in no conversation, at any time of my life, did I so express myself. It is monstrous that one should be made to pule about one's 'little happiness,' about 'toiling millions who never see the blue sky,' about 'toil for *Weib und Kind*,' and so on. I am, etc., GEORGE GISSING.

"ROME, March 8."

❀

When Mr. E. F. Benson wrote *Dodo*, some years ago, every one read the book, and was greatly tickled by it, but no one ever thought of taking the author seriously. It is generally supposed that his father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and his other ecclesiastical relatives were greatly shocked by that frivolous and blithesome work; but its production was looked upon as being simply a youthful indiscretion that would be soon forgotten. When Mr. Benson followed up *Dodo* with *The Rubicon*, this general impression was confirmed—to the effect that *Dodo* had been merely a brilliant fluke, and that henceforth Mr. Benson would be no more heard of. In *The Vintage*, however, which is reviewed on another page, Mr. Benson has given evidence that he can do something more than write frothy society novels, in order to hit off living personages and give a

E. F. BENSON.

literary frame to their brightest sayings. Should he go on writing as he has now begun to do, there is no reason why he should not ultimately attain to some definite rank in the records of contemporaneous literature. We give his latest portrait, which, so far as we know, has not hitherto been published in this country.

❀

We note with genuine satisfaction that Mr. William Canton's two little classics of childhood prose and verse—namely, *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V. Her Book*, are to be bound in one volume and published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. *The Invisible Playmate* has for some time existed in a very unattractive form, and this volume, together with *W. V. Her Book*, which the present publishers took over from Messrs. Stone and Kimball, have undergone revision and rearrangement at the author's hands, so that the book now to be published is practically a new edition.

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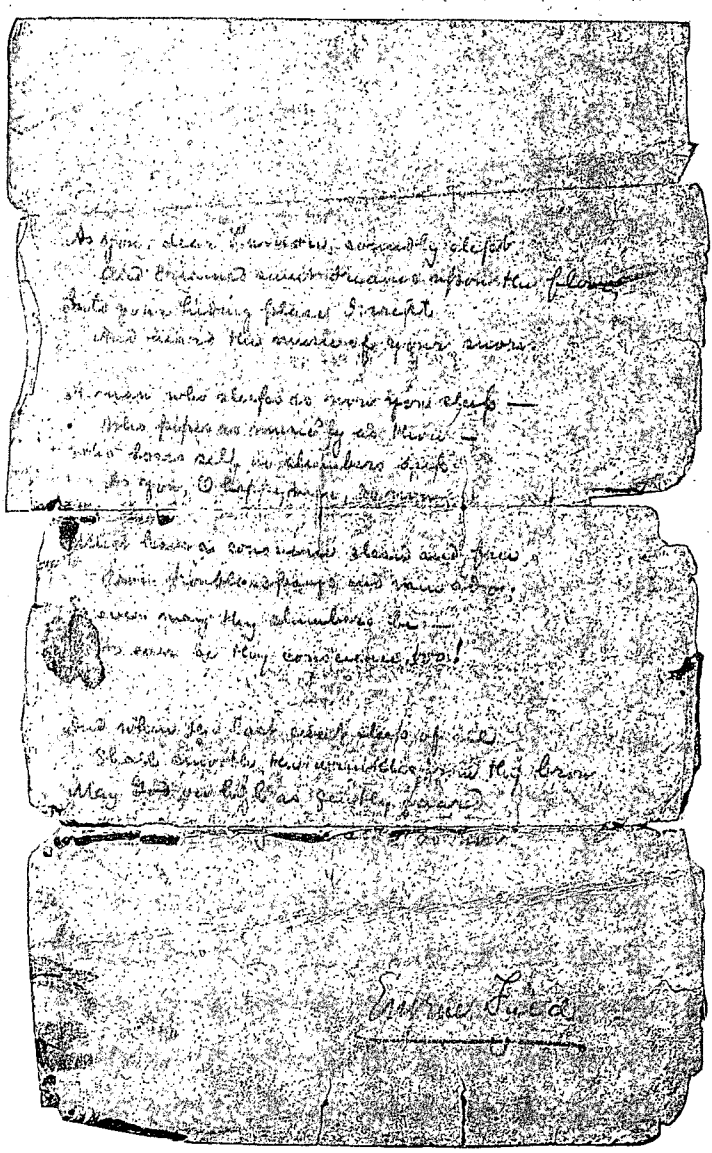
LINCOLN, LAMON, AND EUGENE FIELD.



FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL VERSES BY EUGENE FIELD, NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Three men who loved children, loved them and were beloved by mankind—Abraham Lincoln, Ward Hill Lamon, and Eugene Field.

Eugene Field was a boy when Lincoln was at the height of his greatness. "My recollections of him are reverential and humane and tender," he wrote to Dorothy Lamon, the daughter of Colonel Lamon, when she announced to him the forthcoming publication of her father's *Recollections** of the martyred President.

Colonel Lamon tells us that, to find relief from the cares of his great office during the most critical periods of the Civil War, Lincoln would call his boys to some quiet spot in the White House, lie down at full length upon the floor, and abandon himself to their fun and frolic as merrily as if he had been of their age.

It was the privilege of the present writer to meet the author of the *Life of Lincoln*† in different parts of the world—in America and in European resorts of health and pleasure. He was a man among men, a gallant admirer of womankind, and the youngsters' fatherly friend. Once, as he spoke of the sad bereavement that befell Lincoln in February, 1862, when the President's son "Willie" died, Colonel Lamon had tears in his eyes, and it was then thirty years since the little one had been laid to rest.

The ancestral log cabins of both Lincoln and Lamon stood in Virginia, but the Lamons did not belong to the "sec-

* Recollections of Abraham Lincoln (1847-65). By Ward Hill Lamon; edited by Dorothy Lamon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† The Life of Abraham Lincoln, from his Birth to his Inauguration as President. By Ward Hill Lamon. Boston, 1872: James R. Osgood & Co.

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ond families," like the Lincolns, according to Old Abe's short autobiography, "written for the benefit of a campaign bookmaker," early in 1860. In 1847 Lamon became the law partner of Lincoln, first at Danville, and afterward at Bloomington. "We rode the circuit together," says Lamon, "travelling by buggy in the dry seasons and on horseback in bad weather, there being no railroads then in that part of the State," . . . "and until the day of Lincoln's death it was my pleasure and good fortune to retain his confidence unshaken, as he retained my affection unbroken." This partnership widened into relations even more confidential when Lincoln became President. "Some days before his departure for Washington (February 11th, 1861), my friend wrote that he desired to see me at once.

"I went to Springfield, and Mr. Lincoln said to me: 'Hill, on the 11th I go to Washington, and I want you to go along with me. Our friends have already asked me to send you as Consul to Paris. You know I would cheerfully give you anything for which our friends may ask or which you may desire, but it looks as if we might have war. In that case I want you with me. In fact, I must have you. So get yourself ready and come along. It will be handy to have you around. If there is to be a fight, I want you to help me to do my share of it, as you have done in times past. You must go, and go to stay.'"

Lamon was made Marshal of the District of Columbia, the rank of Colonel was conferred upon him, but his scope of usefulness was infinitely greater. He not only helped his friend "to do his share in the fight," but more than once risked his life to carry out the President's secret orders. Designated Marshal of the District of Columbia, he was in reality Lincoln's bodyguard—the man who saved the President from his friends and from his enemies from February 11th, 1861, until April 11th, 1865, three days before the bullet of the assassin struck down Lincoln.

Talking to J. P. Usher, his Secretary of the Interior, after giving Colonel Lamon a pass to go to Richmond on business of the administration on that fatal April 11th, Lincoln said: "This boy (meaning Lamon, then thirty-eight years old) is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him, or hear of his being around, at all hours of the night, to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be killed; he is going crazy." He added: "What does any one want to assassinate me for? If any one wants to do so, he can do it any day or night, if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Mr. Usher said: "Mr. Lincoln, it is well to listen and give heed to Lamon. He is thrown among people that give him opportunities to know more about such matters than we can know."

Lamon renewed his request. "Promise me, Mr. President," he said, "that you will not go out after night while I am gone, particularly not to the theatre."

"Well," replied Lincoln, "I promise to do the best I can toward it." He then shook his friend cordially by the hand, and said, "Good-bye. God bless you, Hill!"

Colonel Lamon told the writer at Kissingen, in 1892, that on that April 11th, as always when he was away from Lincoln, he felt that the President's life was in imminent danger. "I departed for Richmond, which had been occupied by the Federal troops for a week, with even graver forebodings than I felt at any time during my diplomatic mission to Charleston, at the end of March, 1861, and then, you must know, I was marching into the very belly of death. Indeed, when Mr. Lincoln selected me for this mission to the capital of the State, which had been the pioneer in all the haughty and stupendous work of rebellion, Mr. Seward said, 'But, Mr. President, I greatly fear that you are sending Lamon to his grave—they will kill him in Charleston.' Mr. Lincoln replied, 'I have known Lamon to be in many a close place, and he has never been in one that he didn't get out of. By Jing! I'll risk him. Go, Lamon, and God bless you!'

"In explanation of my feelings of apprehension," continued Colonel Lamon, "I should add that I was one of those intimate friends of Lincoln who believed in his premonition of a violent death. The President felt for many years that he was destined to fall a victim to assassination. He often dreamt of his bloody end, and I know that his life was attempted three times before the fatal April day—on the way to Washington, February, 1861, in August, 1862, and during the ceremonies of his second inauguration.

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"The story of Lincoln's clandestine journey from Philadelphia to Washington during the night of February 23d is a matter of historical record. The President-elect yielded to the solicitations of his friends under protest. Neither he nor the country understood at the time the true facts concerning the danger he was running. Here," continued Colonel Lamon, taking a bundle of printer's proofs from his desk, "is Lincoln's own testimony concerning the attempt upon his life in August, 1862. I jotted it down immediately after my conversation with the President, and, as you see, it is about ready to be published."

During those exciting times in Washington, the President often slept at Colonel Lamon's house, and the two men were much in each other's society when Mr. Lincoln was not engaged with members of his Cabinet or other well-known friends—"almost constantly, unless Lincoln gave me the slip," said Lamon to me. "A stranger to fear, he often eluded my vigilance, and before his absence could be noticed would be well on his way to his summer residence, alone and at night." This led to disagreements between the friends, and once, about Christmas, 1864, Lamon tendered his resignation, whereupon Lincoln had a good laugh, invited "Hill" to spend the day with him, and promised "to sit on his lap from sundown to sunset thereafter."

Abraham Lincoln's quondam bosom friend and Eugene Field met in Denver, Col., in the late seventies, and their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. There was indeed "much in common between the two men," as the poet writes in that beautiful letter here reproduced. All he said about his friend applied with equal truth to him who penned the unconscious eulogy:

"I have in admiring and affectionate remembrance his keen and vigorous intellect, his wide culture, and the cordiality of his generous, thoughtful nature. I recall with pleasure the very many delightful hours we spent together. . . . He was a great, good, and gracious man, God rest him! . . . You are lonely without him; but you should not wish him called back again from that sweet companionship in eternity which he is enjoying now."

And again in another letter:

"(He) had a particularly noble expression, a look of commingled magnanimity, boldness, candour, and high breeding. These portraits do not convey that serenely noble expression as I recall it; yet how is it possible for any human art to preserve to us the tender, admirable, solacing qualities of those we love?"

Does not this read like a posthumous estimate of the bard of Buena Park?

Besides the harmony of sentiments, there were other bonds of sympathy between the two men. Field was a rising journalist, a man of humour, a poet who promised great things—gifts which no one appreciated more fully than the accomplished Lamon. They were one in their love of "Little Boy Blue," in tender regard for woman, in the appreciation of song. The *Recollections* say that Lamon "often startled Lincoln from his melancholy by striking up a comic air and pushing hilarity to extremes." Small wonder that he was a hearty admirer of Field's muse, perhaps the earliest, surely the most distinguished. Besides, the elder man was a perfect mine of information. Field was a mere boy when this country went through its greatest crisis; it meant much to him, then one of the editors of the Denver *Tribune*, to be informed on the great national question, to study the history of the war, and of the martyred President with one who had seen much of both.

In those Denver days Field used to "drop in" on Lamon whenever he had an hour to spare, and on one of those occasions found his friend asleep on the floor. It was a habit the Colonel had. Most probably he acquired it through his association with Lincoln, who was very fond of taking a nap in that fashion. Lincoln was six feet four in height, and Lamon half an inch taller. Both may have experienced difficulty in finding beds and lounges suited to their length.

Field waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. Lamon slept on. He might continue to snore for another hour—longer than the poet-editor could afford to remain away from his office. Finally Field sat down and pencilled these verses on a piece of yellow paper (for fac-simile see page 200) that he found on the table:

"As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept
And dreamed sweet dreams upon the floor,
Into your hiding-place I crept
And heard the music of your snore.

"A man who sleeps as now you sleep—
Who pipes as music'ly as thou—
Who loses self in slumbers deep
As you, O happy man, do now,

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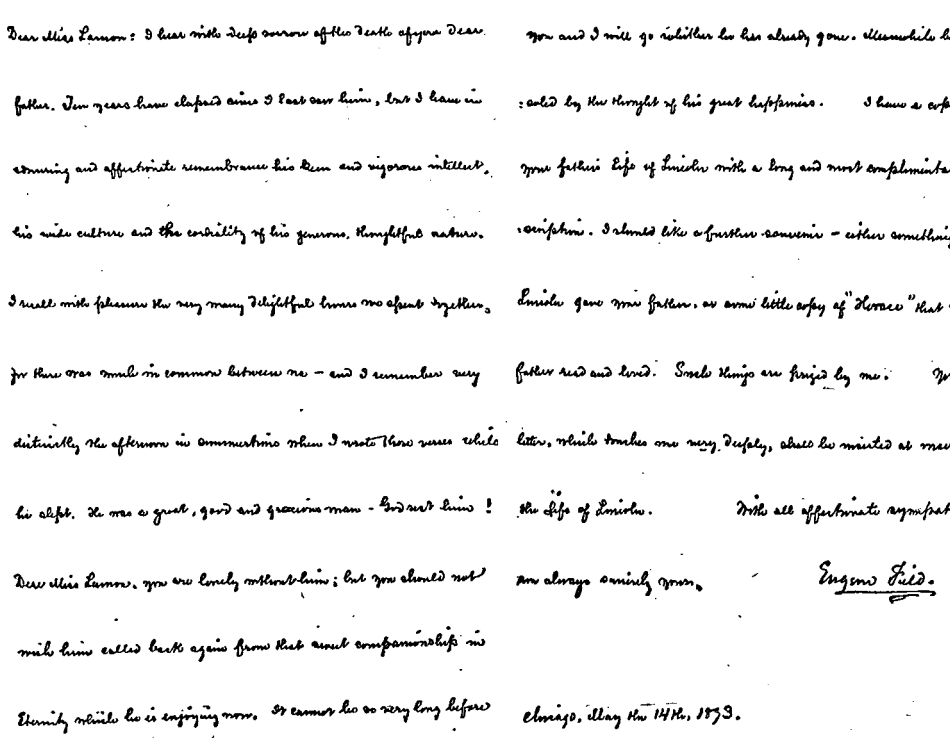

Dear Miss Lamon: I hear with deep sorrow of the death of your dear father. Ten years have elapsed since I last saw him, but I know in common and affectionate remembrance his keen and vigorous intellect, his wide culture and the cordiality of his generous, thoughtful nature. I recall with pleasure the very many delightful hours we spent together, for there was much in common between us — and I remember very distinctly the afternoon in connection with which I wrote those verses which he liked. He was a great, good and gracious man — God rest him! Dear Miss Lamon, you are lonely without him; but you should not wish him called back again from that great companionship in Eternity while he is enjoying now. It cannot be so very long before you and I will go whither he has already gone. Meanwhile be consoled by the thought of his great happiness. I have a copy of your father's Life of Lincoln with a long and most complimentary inscription. I should like a further souvenir — either something that Lincoln gave your father, or some little copy of "Horace" that your father read and loved. Such things are prized by me. Your letter, which touches me very deeply, shall be inserted at once in the Life of Lincoln. With all affectionate sympathy, I am always cordially yours, Eugene Field.

Chicago, May the 14th, 1893.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM EUGENE FIELD TO MISS DOROTHY LAMON ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

"Must have a conscience clear and free
From troublous pangs and vain ado;
So ever may thy slumbers be—
So ever be thy conscience, too!

"And when the last, sweet sleep of all
Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now."

It was the work of ten minutes. He pinned the sheet to the lapel of Colonel Lamon's coat and quietly walked out.

On May 7th, 1893, some fifteen years after this episode, an old man lay dying in a fine old colonial mansion in the little town of Martinsburg, W. Va. Colonel Lamon was bright, happy, and well —"his own cheerful self," as his daughter puts it—up to about sixteen hours before his demise. Then he lost the power of speech, but, says this same chronicler, "I am sure he was conscious to the last moment of his life, for I knelt by his side and looked into his eyes for those sixteen hours, and there was every evidence that his mind was clear. During this long watch I was so stunned that I could not even utter a prayer to comfort my father's soul; but just before the end came the last lines of a little poem he loved came to me like an inspiration:

"'And when the last sweet sleep of all
Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now.'

"These were the last words my father heard on earth. He died at 11 o'clock on the night of May 7th, 1893."

Before she retired that night Dorothy Lamon wrote to Eugene Field announcing her father's death, and telling him of the good use she had made of his beautiful benediction. The poet's response (reproduced above) is among her dearest treasures.

And well it may be. That letter is a classic, alike dignifying the writer and the friend of whom he wrote.

"It cannot be so very long before you and I will go whither he has already gone," wrote the author of *Songs of Childhood* in this letter dated May 14th, 1893; and on November 5th, 1895, the world of letters lost one of its shining ornaments, humanity its natural champion.

Henry W. Fischer.

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THE LONE OF SOUL.

The world has many lovers, but the one
She loves the best is he within whose heart
She but half-reigning queen and mistress is,
Whose lonely soul forever stands apart.

Who from her face will ever turn away,
Who but half-hearing listens to her voice,
Whose heart beats to her passion, but whose soul
Within her presence never will rejoice.

What land has let the dreamer from its gates,
What face beloved hides from him away?
A dreamer outcast from some world of dreams—
He goes forever lonely on his way.

The wedded body and the single soul,
Beside his mate he shall most mateless stand,
Forever to dream of that unseen face—
Forever to sigh for that enchanted land.

Like a great pine upon some alpine height,
Torn by the winds and bent beneath the snow,
Half overthrown by icy avalanche,
The lone of soul throughout the world must go.

Alone among his kind he stands alone,
Torn by the passions of his own strange heart,
Stoned by continual wreckage of his dreams,
He in the crowd forever is apart.

Like the great pine that rocking no sweet nest,
Swings no young birds to sleep upon the bough,
But where the raven only comes to croak—
"There lives no man more desolate than thou!"

So goes the lone of soul amid the world—
No love upon his breast, with singing, cheers;
But sorrow builds her home within his heart,
And nesting there will rear her brood of tears.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

By Neil Munro, the Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XII.

"I wish to God!" cried John Splendid, "that I had a drink of Altan-aluin at this minute, or the well of Beallach-an-uarain."

It was my own first thought, or something very like it, when the fighting was by, for a most cruel thirst crisped my palate, and, as ill luck had it, there was not a cup of water in the fort.

"I could be doing with a drop myself," said the English minister; "I'll take a stoup and go down to the well yonder and fetch it."

He spoke of the spout in the gut, a clean little well of hill-water that, winter or summer, kept full to the lip and accessible.

We had gathered into the fort itself (all but a few sentinels), glad for a time to escape the sight of yon shambles of friend and foe that the battle had left us. The air had softened of a sudden from its piercing cold to a mildness balmy by comparison; the sky had leadened over with a menacing vapour, and over the water—in the great glen between Ben Ime and Ardno—a mist hurried to us like driving smoke. A few flakes of snow fell, lingering in the air as feathers from a nest in spring.

"Here's a friend of Argile back again," said an old halberdier, staunching a savage cut on his knee, and mumbling his words because he was chewing as he spoke an herb that's the poultice for every wound.

"Frost and snow might have been Argile's friend when that proverb was made," said John Splendid, "but here are changed times; our last snow did not keep Colkitto on the safe side of Cladich. Still, if this be snow in earnest," he added with a cheerier tone, "it may rid us of these vermin, who'll find provand iller to get every extra day they bide. Where are you going, Master Gordon?"

"To the well," said the minister, simply, stopping at the port, with a wooden stoup in his hand. "Some of our friends must be burning for a mouthful, poor dears; the wounded flesh is drouthy."

John turned himself round on a keg he sat on, and gave a French shrug he had picked up among foreign cavaliers.

"Put it down, sir," he said; "there's a wheen less precious lives in this hold than a curate's, and for the turn you did us in coming up to alarm us of the back attack, if for nothing else, I would be sorry to see you come to any skaith. Do you not know that between us and the well there might be death half a dozen times? The wood, I'll warrant, is hotching still with those disappointed warriors of Clanranald, who would have no more reverence for your life than for your Geneva bands."

"There's no surer cure for the disease of death in a hind than for the same murrain in a minister of the Gospel—or a landed gentleman," said Gordon, touched in his tone a little by the austerity of his speeches as we heard them at the kirk-session.

John showed some confusion in his face, and the minister had his feet on the steps before he could answer him.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Might I have the honour of serving the Kirk for once? I'll get the water from the well, minister, if you'll go in again and see how these poor devils of ours are thriving. I was but joking when I hinted at the risk; our Athole gentry are, like enough, far off by this time."

"I liked you better when you were selfish and told the truth, than now that you're valiant (in a small degree) and excuse it with a lie," quo' the minister, and off he set.

He was beyond the wall, and stepping down the brae before we could be out at the door to look after him.

"Damn his nipped tongue!" fumed John. "But, man! there's a lovable quirk in his character, too. I'll give

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twenty pounds (Scots) to his kirk-plate at the first chance if he wins out of this fool's escapade of his without injury."

There was no doubt the minister's task had many hazards in it, for he carried stave nor steel as he jogged on with the stoup, over the frank open braeside, down to the well. Looking at him going down into the left of the gut as unafeared as he had come up on the right of it, I put myself in his place, and felt the skin of my back pimpling at the instinct of lurking enemies.

But Gordon got safely to the well, through the snow, now falling in a heavy shower, dipped out a stoupful, and turned about to come home. A few yards off his path back, to the right and closer to the wood, lay the only man of all the bodies lying in the valley who seemed to have any life left in him. This fellow lay on his side, and was waving his hands feverishly when the minister went up to him, and—as we saw in a dim way through the snow—gave him a drink of the water from the lip of the stoup.

"Sassenach fool!" said young MacLachlan, parched with thirst, gathering in with a scooped hand the snow as it fell on the wall, and gluttonously sucking it.

"There are many kinds of folly, man," said I; "and I would think twice before I would grudge a cleric's right to give a mouthful of water to a dying man, even if he was a MacDonald on his way to the Pit."

"Tuts, tuts! Elrigmore," cried John, "let the young cock crow; he means no more than that it's hard to be hungry and see your brother feed a foeman. Indeed I could be wishing myself that his reverence was the Good Samaritan on a more fitting occasion."

We were bandying words now, and not so closely watching our friend in the hollow, and it was Sir Donald, standing to a side a little, who called our attention anew, with a cry of alarm.

"Look, lads, look!" he cried, "God help Gordon!"

We looked through the snow—a gray veil—and saw two or three men fall on the minister.

John Splendid but stopped a second to say, "It may be a feint to draw us off the fort; bide where ye are," and then he leaped over the wall, armed with a claymore picked from the haunch of a halberdier beside him. I was over at his heels, and the pair of us scoured down the brae.

There was some hazard in the enterprise. I'm ashamed to this day to tell I thought that, at every foot of the way as we ran on. Never before nor since have I felt a wood so sinister, so ghastly, so inspired by dreadful airs, and when it was full on our flank, I kept my head half turned to give an eye to where I was going and an eye to what might come out on my rear. People tell you fear takes wings at a stern climax, that a hot passion fills the brain with blood and the danger blurs to the eye. It's a theory that works but poorly on a forlorn hope, with a certainty that the enemy are outnumbering you on the rear. With man and ghost, I have always felt the same; give me my back to the wall, and I could pluck up valour enough for the occasion, but there's a spot between the shoulders that would be coward flesh in Hector himself. That, I'm thinking, is what keeps some armies from turning tail to heavy odds.

Perhaps the terror behind (John swore anon he never thought on't till he learned I had, and then he said he felt it worse than I) gave our approach all the more impetuousness, for we were down in the gut before the MacDonald loiterers (as they proved) were aware of our coming. We must have looked unco numerous and stalwart in the driving snow, for the scamps dashed off into the wood as might children caught in a mischief. We let them go, and bent over our friend, lying with a very gash look by the body of the MacDonald, now in the last throes, a bullet-wound in his neck and the blood frothing at his mouth.

"Ar't hurt, sir?" asked John, bending on a knee, but the minister gave no answer.

We turned him round and found no wound but a bruise on the head, that showed he had been attacked with a cudgel by some camp-followers of the enemy, who had neither swords, nor reverence for a priest who was giving a brotherly sup to one of their own tartan. In that driving snow we rubbed him into life again, cruelly pallid, but with no broken bit about him.

"Where's my stoup?" were his first words; "my poor lads upbye must be wearying for water." He looked

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pleased to see the same beside him where he had set it down, with its water untouched, and then he cast a wae glance on the dead man beside him.

"Poor wretch, poor wretch!" said he.

We took the stoup and our minister up to the summit, and had got him but safely set there when he let out what gave me the route again from Dunchuach, and led to divers circumstances that had otherwise never come into this story if story there was, which I doubt there had never been. Often I've thought me since how pregnant was that Christian act of Gordon in giving water to a foe. Had I gone, or had John gone for the stoup of water, none of us, in all likelihood, had stirred a foot to relieve yon enemy's drouth; but he found a godly man, though an austere one too on occasion, and paid for the cup of water with a hint in broken English that was worth all the gold in the world to me. Gordon told us the man's dying confidence whenever he had come to himself a little more in the warmth of the fort fire.

"There's a woman and child," said he, "in the wood of Strongara."

CHAPTER XIII.

When the English minister, in his odd lalland Scots, had told us this tale of the dying MacDonald, I found for the first time my feeling to the daughter of the Provost of Inneraora. Before this the thought of her was but a pleasant engagement for the mind at leisure moments; now it flashed on my heart with a stound that yon black eyes were to me the dearest jewels in the world, that lacking her presence these glens and mountains were very cold and empty. I think I gave a gasp that let John Splendid into my secret there and then; but at least I left him no doubt about what I would be at.

"What's the nearer way to Strongara?" I asked, "alongside the river, or through Tombreck?"

He but peered at me oddly a second under his brows—a trifle wistfully, though I might naturally think his mood would be quizzical, then he sobered in a moment. That's what I loved about the man; a fool would have laughed at the bravado of my notion, a man of thinner sentiment would have marred the moment by pointing out difficulties.

"So that's the airt the wind's in!" he said, and then he added, "I think I could show you, not the shortest, but the safest road."

"I need no guidance," I cried in a hurry, "only—"

"Only a friend who knows every wood in the countryside, and has your interest at heart, Colin," he said softly, putting a hand on my elbow and gripping it in a homely way. It was the first time he gave me my Christian name since I made his acquaintance.

His company was not to be denied.

We made up some bear-meal bannocks, and a collop of boiled venison in a *dorlach* or knapsack that I carried on my back, borrowed plaids from some of the common soldiery, and set out for Strongara at the mouth of the night, with the snow still driving over the land.

MacLachlan was for with us, but John turned on him with a great deal of determination, and dared him to give extra risk to our enterprise by adding another man to the chance of the enemy seeing us.

The lad met the objection ungraciously, and John took to his flattery.

"The fact is, MacLachlan," said he, taking him aside with a hand on his lapel, and a show of great confidence; "the fact is, we can't be leaving this place in charge of a lot of old *bodachs*—Sir Donald the least able of them all—and if there's another attack the guidance of the defence will depend on you. You may relish that or you may not, perhaps, after all, you would be safer with us—"

MacLachlan put up his chest an inch or two, unconscious that he did it, and whistled a stave of music to give evidence of his indifference. Then he knitted his brows to cogitate, as it were, and—

"Very well!" said he. "If you come on my coz, you'll bring her back here, or to the castle, I suppose?"

"I had no thought of running away with the lass, I'll take my oath," cried John, sticking his tongue in the cheek nearest me.

"I wish I could fathom yon fellow's mind," I said to my comrade as we stepped out through the snow and into

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the wooded brae-side, keeping a wary eye about for spies of the enemy, whose footprints we came on here and there, but so faint in the fresh snowfall that it was certain they were now in the valley.

"Do you find it difficult?" asked John. "I thought a man of schooling, with Latin at his tongue's-end (though very indifferent Latin in the minister's opinion) would see to the deepest heart of MacLachlan."

"He's crafty."

"So's the polecat till the fox meets him. Tuts, man, you have a singular jealousy of the creature."

"Since the first day I saw him."

John laughed.

"That was in the Provost's," quo' he, and he hummed a French song I caught the meaning of but slightly.

"Wrong, wrong!" said I, striding under the trees as we slanted to the right for Tombreck. "His manner is provoking."

"I've seen him polish it pretty well for the ladies."

"His temper's always on the boil."

"Spirit, man; spirit! I like a fellow of warmth now and then."

"He took it most ungraciously when we put him out of the Provost's house on the night of the squabble in the town."

"It was an awkward position he was in. I'd have been a bit blackbrowed about it myself," said John. "Man! it's easy to pick holes in the character of an unfriend, and you and MacLachlan are not friendly, for one thing that's not his fault any more than yours."

"You're talking of the girl," I said, sharply, and not much caring to show him how hot my face burned at having to mention her.

"That same," said he; "I'll warrant that if it wasn't for the girl (the old tale! the old tale!), you had thought the young sprig not a bad gentleman, after all."

"Oh, damn his soul!" I blurted out. "What is he that he should pester his betters with his attentions?"

"A cousin, I think, a simple cousin-german they tell me," said John, drily; "and in a matter of betters, now—eh?"

My friend coughed on the edge of his plaid, and I could swear he was laughing at me. I said nothing for a while, and with my skin burning, led the way at a hunter's pace. But John was not done with the subject.

"I'm a bit beyond the age of it myself," he said; "but that's no reason why I shouldn't have eyes in my head. I know how much put about you are to have this young fellow gallivanting round the lady."

"Jealous, you mean," I cried.

"I didn't think of putting it that way."

"No; it's too straightforward a way for you—ever the roundabout way for you. I wish to God you would sometimes let your Campbell tongue come out of the kink, and say what you mean."

With a most astonishing steady voice for a man as livid as the snow on the hair of his brogues, and with his hand on the hilt of his dirk, John cried—

"Stop a bit."

I faced him in a most unrighteous humour, ready to quarrel with my shadow.

"For a man I'm doing a favour to, Elrigmore," he said, "you seem to have a poor notion of politeness. I'm willing to make some allowance for a lover's tirravee about a woman who never made tryst with him; but I'll allow no man to call down the credit of my clan and name."

A pair of gowks, were we not, in that darkening wood, quarrelling on an issue as flimsy as a spider's web, but who will say it was not human nature? I daresay we might have come to hotter words and bloody blows there and then, but for one of the trifles that ever come in the way to change—not fate, for that's changeless, but the semblance of it.

"My mother herself was a Campbell of an older family than yours," I started to say, to show I had some knowledge of the breed, and at the same time a notion of fairness to the clan.

This was fresh heather on the fire.

"Older!" he cried; "she was a Mac-Vicar as far as ever I heard; it was the name she took to kirk with her when she married your father."

"So," said I; "but—"

"And though I allow her grandfather Dol-a-mhonadh (Donald-of-the-Hills) was a Campbell, it was in a roundabout way; he was but the son of one of the Craignish gentry."

"You yourself—"

"Sir!" said he in a new tone, as cold

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as steel and as sharp, misjudging my intention.

"You yourself are no more than a M'Iver."

"And what of that?" he cried, cooling down a bit. "The M'Ivers of Asknish are in the direct line from Duncan, Lord of Lochow. We had Pennymore, Stronshira, and Glenaray as cadets of Clan Campbell when your Craignish cross-breeds were under the salt."

"Only by the third cousin," said I; "my father has told me over and over again that Duncan's son had no heir."

And so we went into all this perplexity of Highland pedigree like old wives at a waulking, forgetting utterly that what we began to quarrel about was the more serious charge of lying. M'Iver was most frantic about the business, and I think I was cool, for I was never a person that cared a bodle about my history bye the second generation. They might be lairds or they might be lackeys for all the differ it made to me. Not that there were any lackeys among them. My grandfather was the grandson of Tormaid Mor, who held the whole east side of Lochow from Ford to Sonachan, and we had at home the four-posted bed that Tormaid slept on when the heads of the house of Argile were lying on white-hay or chaff.

At last John broke into a laugh.

"Aren't you the *amadan* to be biting the tongue between your teeth?" he said.

"What is it?" I asked, constrained to laugh too.

"You talk about the crook in our Campbell tongue in one breath," said he, "and in the next you would make yourself a Campbell more sib to the chief than I am myself. Don't you think we might put off our little affairs of family history till we find a lady and a child in Strongara?"

"No more of it, then," said I. "Our difference began on my fool's notion that because I had something of what you would call a liking for this girl, no one else should let an eye light on her."

By now we were in a wide glade in the Tombreck wood. On our left we could see lying among the gray snow the house of Tombreck, with no light nor lowe (as the saying goes); and though we knew better than to expect there might be living people in it, we sped down to see the place.

"There's one chance in a million she might have ventured here," I said.

A most melancholy dwelling! Dwelling indeed no more but for the hoody-crow, and for the fawn of the hill that years after I saw treading over the grass-grown lintel of its door. To-night the place was full of empty airs and ghosts of sounds inexplicable, wailing among the cabars that jutted black and scarred mid-way from wall to wall. The byre was in a huddle of damp thatch, and strewn (as God's my judge) by the bones of the cattle the enemy had refused to drive before them in the sauciness of their glut. A desolate garden slept about the place, with bush and tree—once tended by a family of girls, left orphan and desolate for evermore.

We went about on tiptoes as it might be in a house of the dead, and peeped in at the windows at where had been chambers lit by the cheerful cruisie or dancing with peat-fire flame—only the dark was there, horrible with the odours of char, or the black joist against the dun sky. And then we went to the front door (for Tombreck was a gentle-house), and found it still on the hinges, but hanging half back to give view to the gloomy interior. It was a spectacle to chill the heart, a house burned in hatred, the hearth of many songs and the chambers of love, merrymaking, death, and the children's feet, robbed of every interest but its ghosts and the memories of them they came to.

"It were useless to look here; she is not here," I said in a whisper to my comrade.

He stood with his bonnet in his hand, dumb for a space, then speaking with a choked utterance.

"Our homes, our homes, Colin!" he cried. "Have I not had the happy nights in those same walls, those harmless hospitable halls, those dead halls?"

And he looked broadcast over the country-side.

"The curse of Conan and the black-stones on the hands that wrought this work," he said. "Poison to their wells; may the brutes die far afield!"

The man was in a tumult of grief and passion, the tears, I knew by his voice, welling to his eyes. And indeed I was not happy myself, had not been happy indeed, by this black home, even if the girl I loved was waiting me at the turn of the road.

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"Let us be going," I said at last.

"She might be here; she might be in the little plantation!" he said (and still in the melancholy and quiet of the place we talked in whispers).

"Could you not give a call, a signal?" he asked; and I had mind of the call I had once taught her, the doleful pipe of the curlew.

I gave it with hesitancy to the listening night. It came back an echo from the hills, but brought no other answer.

A wild bird roosting somewhere in the ruined house flapped out by the door and over us. I am not a believer in the ghostly—at least to the extent of some of our people; but I was alarmed, till my reason came to me and the badinage of the professors at college, who had twitted me on my fears of the mischancy. But M'Iver clutched me by the shoulder in a frenzy of terror. I could hear his teeth chittering as if he had come out of the sea.

"Name of God!" he cried. "What was yon?"

"But a night-hag," said I.

He was ashamed of his weakness; but the night, as he said, had too many holes in it for his fancy.

And so we went on again across the hill-face in the sombre gloaming. It was odd that the last time I had been on this hillside had been for a glimpse of that same girl we sought to-night. Years ago, when I was a lad, she had on a summer been sewing with a kinswoman in Carlunan, the mill croft beside a linn of the river, where the salmon plout in a most wonderful profusion, and I had gone at morning to the hill to watch her pass up and down in the garden of the mill, or feed the pigeons at the round doo-cot, content (or well-nigh content) to see her and fancy the wind in her tresses, the song at her lip. In these mornings the animals of the hill and the wood and I were friendly; they guessed somehow, perhaps, no harm was in my heart: the young roes came up unafraid, almost to my presence, and the birds fluttered like comrades about me, and the little animals that flourish in the wild dallied boldly in my path. It was a soft and tranquil atmosphere, it was a world (I think now), very happy and unperplexed. And at evening, after a hurried meal, I was off over the hills to this brae anew, to watch her who gave me an unrest of the spirit, unappeasable but precious. I think, though the mornings were sweet, 'twas the eve that was sweeter still. All the valley would be lying soundless and sedate, the hills of Salachary and the forest of Creag Dubh purpling in the setting sun, a rich gold tipping Dunchuach like a thimble. Then the eastern woods filled with dark caverns of shade, wherein the tall trunks of the statelier firs stood gray as ghosts. What was it, in that precious time, gave me, in the very heart of my happiness, a foretaste of the melancholy of coming years? My heart would swell, the tune upon my lip would cease, my eyes would blur foolishly, looking on that prospect most magic and fine. Rarely, in that happy age, did I venture to come down and meet the girl, but—so contrary is the nature of man!—the day was happier when I worshipped afar, though I went home fuming at my own lack of spirit.

To-day, my grief! how different the tale! That bygone time loomed upon me like a wave borne down on a mariner on a frail raft, the passion of the past ground me inwardly in a numb pain.

We stumbled through the snow, and my comrade—good heart!—said never a word to mar my meditation. On our right, the hill of Meall Ruadh rose up like a storm-cloud ere the blackest of the night fell; we walked on the edges of the plantations, surmising our way by the aid of the gray snow around us.

It was not till we were in the very heart of Strongara wood that I came to my reason and thought what folly was this to seek the wanderer in such a place in dead of night. To walk that ancient wood, on the coarse and broken ground, among fallen timber, bog, bush, waterpass, and hillock, would have tried a sturdy forester by broad day; it was, to us weary travellers, after a day of sturt, a madness to seek through it at night for a woman and child, whose particular concealment we had no means of guessing.

M'Iver, natheless, let me flounder through that perplexity for a time, fearful, I suppose, to hurt my feelings by showing me how little I knew of it, and finally he hinted at three cairns he was acquaint with, each elevated somewhat over the general run of the country, and if not the harbourage a refugee would

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make for, at least the most suitable coign to overlook the Strongara wood.

"Lead me anywhere, for God's sake!" said I; "I'm as helpless as a mowdie on the sea-beach."

He knew the wood as he knew his own pocket, for he had hunted it many times with his cousin, and so he led me briskly, by a kind of natural path, to the first cairn. Neither there nor at the second did I get answer to my whistle.

"We'll go up on the third," said John, "and bide there till morning; scouring a wood in this fashion is like hunting otters in the deep sea."

We reached the third cairn when the hour was long past midnight. I piped again in vain, and having ate part of our collop, we set us down to wait the dawn. The air, for mid-winter, was almost congenial; the snow fell no longer, the north part of the sky was wondrous clear and even jubilant with star.

CHAPTER XIV.

I woke with a shiver at the hour before dawn, that strange hour when the bird turns on the bough to change his dream, when the wild-cat puts out his tongue to taste the air and curls more warmly into his own fur, when the leaf of the willows gives a tremor in the most airless morning. M'Iver breathed heavily beside me, rolled in his plaid to the very eyes; but the dumb cry of the day in travail called him, too, out of the chamber of sleep, and he turned on his back with a snatch of a soldier's drill on his lips, but without opening his eyes.

We were on the edge of a glade of the wood, at the watershed of a small burn that tinkled among its ice along the ridge from Tombreck, dividing close beside us, half of it going to Shira Glen and half to Aora. The tall trees stood over us like sentinels, coated with snow in every bough, a cool crisp air fanned me, with a hint in it, somehow, of a smouldering wood-fire. And I heard close at hand the call of an owl, as like the whimper of a child as ever howlet's vesper mocked. Then to my other side, my plaid closer about me, and to my dreaming anew.

It was the same whimper waked me a second time, now too prolonged to be an owl's complaint, and I sat upright to listen. It was now daybreak. A faint gray light brooded among the tree-tops.

"John! John!" I said in my companion's ear, shaking his shoulder.

He stood to his feet in a blink, wide awake, fumbling at his sword-belt as a man at hurried wakings on foreign shores.

"What is it?" he asked, in a whisper.

I had no need to answer him, for anew the child's cry rose in the wood—sharp, petulant, hungry. It came from a thick clump of undergrowth to the left of our night's lodging, not sixty yards away, and in the half-light of the morning had something of the eerie about it.

John Splendid crossed himself ere he had mind of his present creed, and "God sain us!" he whispered; "have we here banshee or warlock?"

"I'll warrant we have no more than what we seek," said I, with a joyous heart, putting my tartan about me more orderly, and running a hand through my hair.

"I've heard of unco uncanny things assume a wean's cry in a wood," said he, very dubious in his aspect.

I laughed at him, and "Come away, *'ille*," I said; "here's the Provost's daughter." And I was hurrying in the direction of the cry.

M'Iver put a hand on my shoulder.

"Canny, man, canny; would ye enter a lady's chamber (even the glade of the wood) without tirling at the pin?"

We stopped, and I softly sounded my curlew-call—once, twice, thrice.

The echo of the third time had not ceased on the hill when out stepped Betty. She looked miraculous tall and thin in the haze of the dawn, with the aspiring firs behind her, pallid at the face, wearied in her carriage, and torn at her kirtle by whin or thorn. The child clung at her coats, a ruddy brat, with astonishment stilling its whimper.

For a little the girl half misdoubted us, for the wood behind us and the still sombre west left us in a shadow, and there was a tremor in her voice as she challenged in English—

"Is that you, Elrigmore?"

I went forward at a bound, in a stupid rapture that made her shrink in alarm; but M'Iver lingered in the rear, with more discretion than my relations to the girl gave occasion for.

"Friends! oh, am not I glad to see you?" she said simply, her wan face lighting up. Then she sat down on a hillock and wept in her hands. I gave

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her awkward comfort, my wits for once failing me, my mind in a confusion, my hands, to my own sense, seeming large, coarse, and in the way. Yet to have a finger on her shoulder was a thrill to the heart, to venture a hand on her hair was a passionate indulgence.

The bairn joined in her tears till M'Iver took it in his arms. He had a way with little ones that had much of magic in it, and soon this one was nestling to his breast with its sobs sinking, an arm round his neck.

More at the pair of them than at me did Betty look with interest when her tears were concluded.

"Amn't I like myself this morning?" asked John, jocularly, dandling the bairn in his arms.

Betty turned away without a reply, and when the child was put down and ran to her, she scarcely glanced on it, but took it by the hand and made to go before us, through the underwood she had come from.

"Here's my home, gentlemen," she said, "like the castle of Colin Dubh, with the highest ceiling in the world and the stars for candles."

We might have passed it a score of times in broad daylight and never guessed its secret. It was the bieldy side of the hill. Two fir-trees had fallen at some time in the common fashion of wind-blown pines, with their roots clean out of the earth, and raised up, so that coming together at two edges they made two sides of a triangle. To add to its efficiency as a hiding-place, some young firs grew at the open third side of the triangle.

In this confined little space (secure enough from any hurried search) there was still a *greasach*, as we call it, the ember of a fire that the girl had kindled with a spark from a flint the night before, to warm the child, and she had kept it at the lowest extremity short of letting it die out altogether, lest it should reveal her whereabouts to any searchers in the wood.

We told her our story and she told us hers. She had fled on the morning of the attack, in the direction of the castle; but found her way cut off by a wing of the enemy, a number of whom chased her as she ran with the child on her back up the river-side to the Cairnbaan, where she eluded her pursuers among his lordship's shrubberies, and found a road to the wood. For a week she found shelter and food in a cowherd's abandoned bothy among the alders of Tarradubh; then hunger sent her travelling again, and she reached Leacainn Mhor, where she shared the cotter's house with a widow woman who went out to the burn with a kail-pot and returned no more, for the tardy bullet found her. The murderers were ransacking the house when Betty and the child were escaping through the byre. This place of concealment in Strongara she sought by the advice of a Glencoe man well up in years, who came on her suddenly, and, touched by her predicament, told her he and his friends had so well beaten that place, it was likely to escape further search.

"And so I am here with my charge," said the girl, affecting a gaiety it were hard for her to feel. "I could be almost happy and content, if I were assured my father and mother were safe, and the rest of my kinsfolk."

"There's but one of them in all the countryside," I said. "Young MacLachlan, and he's on Dunchuach."

To my critical scanning her cheek gave no flag.

"Oh, my cousin!" she said. "I am pleased that he is safe, though I would sooner hear he was in Cowal than in Campbell country."

"He's honoured in your interest, madam," I could not refrain from saying, my attempt at raillery I fear a rather forlorn one.

She flushed at this, but said never a word, only biting her nether lip and fondling the child.

I think we put together a cautious little fire and cooked some oats from my *dorlach*, though the ecstasy of the meeting with the girl left me no great recollection of all that happened. But in a quiet part of the afternoon we sat snugly in our triangle of fir roots and discoursed of trifles that had no reasonable relation to our precarious state. Betty had almost an easy heart, the child slept on my comrade's plaid, and I was content to be in her company and hear the little turns and accents of her voice, and watch the light come and go in her face, and the smile hover, a little wae, on her lips at some pleasant tale of M'Iver's.

"How came you round about these parts?" she asked—for our brief account

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of our doings held no explanation of our presence in the wood of Strongara.

"Ask himself here," said John, cocking a thumb over his shoulder at me; "I have the poorest of scents on the track of a woman."

Betty turned to me with less interest in the question than she had shown when she addressed it first to my friend.

I told her what the Glencoe man had told the parson, and she sighed. "Poor man!" said she "(blessing with him!), it was he that sent me here to Strongara, and gave me tinder and flint."

"We could better have spared any of his friends, then," said I. "But you would expect some of us to come in search of you?"

"I did," she said in a hesitancy, and crimsoning in a way that tingled me to the heart with the thought that she meant no other than myself. She gave a caressing touch to the head of the sleeping child, and turned to M'Iver, who lay on his side with his head propped on an elbow, looking out on the hill-face.

"Do you know the bairn?" she asked.

"No," he said, with a careless look where it lay as peaceful as in a cradle rocked by a mother's foot.

"It's the oe of Peggie Mhor," she said.

"So," said he; "poor dear!" and he turned and looked out again at the snow.

We were, in spite of our dead Glencoe man's assurance, in as wicked a piece of country as well might be. No snow had fallen since we left Tombreck, and from that dolorous ruin almost to our present retreat was the patent track of our march.

"I'm here, and I'm making a fair show at an easy mind," said M'Iver; "but I've been in cheerier circumstances ere now."

"So have I, for that part of it," said Betty with spirit, half humorously, half in an obvious punctilio.

"Mistress," said he, sitting up gravely; "I beg your pardon. Do you wonder if I'm not in a mood for saying dainty things? Our state's precarious (it's needless to delude ourselves otherwise), and our friend Sandy and his bloody gang may be at a javelin's throw from us as we sit here. I wish—"

He saw the girl's face betray her natural alarm, and amended his words almost too quickly for the sake of the illusion.

"Tuts, tuts!" he cried. "I forgot the wood was searched before, and here I'm putting a dismal black face on a drab business. We might be a thousand times worse. I might be a clay-cold corp with my last week's wage unspent in my sporran, as it happens to be, and here I'm to the fore with a four or five MacDonalds to my credit. If I've lost my mercantile office as mine-manager (curse your trades and callings!) my sword is left me; you have equal fortune, Elrigmore; and you, Mistress Brown, have them you love spared to you."

Again the girl blushed most fiercely. "Thank God! Thank God!" she cried in a stifled ecstasy, "and O! but I'm grateful." And anew she fondled the little bye-blow as it lay with its sunny hair on the soldier's plaid.

John glanced at her from the corners of his eyes with a new expression, and asked her if she was fond of bairns.

"Need you ask that of a woman?" she said. "But for the company of this one on my wanderings, my heart had failed me a hundred times a day. It was seeing it so helpless that gave me my courage: the dark at night in the bothy and the cot and the moaning wind of this lone spot had sent me crazy if I had not this little one's hand in mine, and its breath in my hair as we lay together."

"To me," said John, "they're like flowers, and that's the long and the short of it."

"You're like most men, I suppose," said Betty, archly; "fond of them in the abstract, and with small patience for the individuals of them. This one now—you would not take half the trouble with him I found a delight in. But the nursing of bairns—even their own—is not a soldier's business."

"No, perhaps not," said M'Iver, surveying her gravely; "and yet I've seen a soldier, a rough hired cavalier, take a wonderful degree of trouble about a duddy little bairn of the enemy in the enemy's country. He was struck—as he told me after—by the gash look of it sitting in a scene of carnage, orphaned, without the sense of it, and he carried it before him on the saddle for a many leagues' march till he found a peaceful

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wayside cottage, where he gave it in the charge of as honest a woman, to all appearance, as these parts could boast. He might even—for all I know to the contrary—have fairly bought her attention for it by a season's paying of the kreutzers, and I know it cost him a duel with a fool who mocked the sentiment of the deed."

"I hope so brave and good a man was none the worse for his duel in a cause so noble," said the girl, softly.

"Neither greatly brave nor middling good," said John, laughing, "at least to my way of thinking, and I know him well. But he was no poorer but by the kreutzers for his advocacy of an orphan bairn."

"I think I know the man," said I, innocently, "and his name would be John."

"And John or George," said the girl, "I could love him for his story."

M'Iver lifted a tress of the sleeping child's hair and toyed with it between his fingers.

"My dear, my dear!" said he; "it's a foolish thing to judge a man's character by a trifle like yon: he's a poor creature who has not his fine impulse now and then; and the man I speak of, as like as not, was dirling a wanton flagon (or maybe waur) ere nightfall, or slaying with cruelty and zest the bairn's uncles in the next walled town he came to. At another mood he would perhaps balance this lock of hair against a company of burghers but fighting for their own fire end."

"The hair is not unlike your own," said Betty, comparing with quick eyes the curl he held and the curls that escaped from under the edge of his flat blue bonnet.

"May every hair of his be a candle to light him safely through a mirk and dangerous world," said he, and he began to whittle assiduously at a stick, with a little black oxter-knife he lugged from his coat.

"Amen!" said the girl, bravely, "but he were better with the guidance of a good father, and that there seems small likelihood of his enjoying—poor thing!"

A constraint fell on us; it may have been there before, but only now I felt it myself. I changed the conversation, thinking that perhaps the child's case was too delicate a subject, but unhappily made the plundering of our glens my dolorous text, and gloom fell like a mort-cloth on our little company. If my friend was easily uplifted, made buoyantly cheerful by the least accident of life, he was as prone to a hellish melancholy when fate lay low. For the rest of the afternoon he was ever staving with a gloomy brow about the neighbourhood, keeping an eye, as he said, to the possible chance of the enemy.

Left thus for long spaces in the company of Betty and the child, that daffed and croddled about her, and even became warmly friendly with me for the sake of my Paris watch and my glittering waistcoat buttons, I made many gallant attempts to get on my old easy footing. That was the wonder of it: when my interest in her was at the lukewarm, I could face her repartee with as good as she gave; now that I loved her (to say the word and be done with it), my words must be picked and chosen and my tongue must stammer in a contemptible awkwardness. Nor was she, apparently, quite at her ease, for when our talk came at any point too close on her own person, she was at great pains adroitly to change it to other directions.

I never, in all my life, saw a child so muckle made use of. It seemed, by the most wonderful of chances, to be ever needing soothing or scolding or kissing or running after in the snow, when I had a word to say upon the human affections, or a compliment to pay upon some grace of its most assiduous nurse.

"I'm afraid," said Betty at last, "you learned some courtiers' flatteries and coquetries in your travels. You should have taken the lesson like your friend and fellow-cavalier M'Iver, and got the trick of keeping a calm heart."

"M'Iver!" I cried. "He's an old hand at the business."

She put her lips to the child's neck and kissed it tumultuously.

"Not—not at the trade of lovier?" she asked after a while, carelessly keeping up the crack.

"Oh no!" I said laughing. "He's a most religious man."

"I would hardly say so much," she answered coldly; "for there have been tales—some idle, some otherwise—about him, but I think his friend should be last to hint at any scandal."

Good heavens! here was a surprise for one who had no more notion of tra-

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ducing his friend than of miscalling the Shorter Catechism. The charge stuck in my gizzard. I fumed and sweat, speechless at the injustice of it, while the girl held herself more aloof than ever, busy preparing for our evening meal.

I had no time to put myself right in her estimate of me before M'Iver came back from his airing with an alarming story.

"It's time we were taking our feet from here," he cried, running up to us. "I've been up on Meall Ruadh there, and I see the whole country-side's in a confusion. Pipers are blowing away down the Glen and guns are firing; if it's not a muster of the enemy preparatory to their quitting the country, it's a call to a more particular search in the hills and woods. Anyway we must be bundling."

He hurriedly stamped out the fire, that smoked a faint blue reek which might have advertised our whereabouts, and Betty clutched the child to her arms, her face again taking the hue of hunt and fear she wore when we first set eyes on her in the morning.

"Where is safety?" she asked, hopelessly. "Is there a sheep-fank or a sheiling-bothy in Argile that is not at the mercy of those bloodhounds?"

"If it wasn't for the snow on the ground," said M'Iver, "I could find a score of safe enough hidings between here and Beannan." "Heavens!" he added, "when I think on it, the Beannan itself is the place for us; it's the one safe spot we can reach by going through the woods without leaving any trace, if we keep under the trees and in the bed of the burn."

We took the bairn in turns, M'Iver and I, and the four of us set out for the opposite side of Glenaora for the *eas* or gully called the Beannan, that lay out of any route likely to be followed by the enemy, whether their object was a retreat or a hunting. But we were never to reach this place of refuge, as it happened; for M'Iver, leading down the burn by a yard or two, had put his foot on the path running through the pass beside the three bridges, when he pulled back, blenching more in chagrin than apprehension.

"Here they are," he said. "We're too late; there's a band of them on the march up this way."

At our back was the burned ruin of a house that had belonged to a shepherd, who was the first to flee to the town when the invaders came. Its byre was almost intact, and we ran to it up the burn as fast as we could, and concealed ourselves in the dark interior. Birds came chirping under the eves of thatch and by the vent-holes, and made so much bickering to find us in their sanctuary that we feared the bye-passers, who were within a whisper of our hiding, would be surely attracted. Band after band of the enemy passed, laden in the most extraordinary degree with the spoil of war. They had only a rough sort of discipline in their retirement: the captains or chieftains marched together, leaving the companies to straggle as they might, for was not the country deserted by every living body but themselves? In van of them they drove several hundreds of black and red cattle, and with the aid of some rough ponies, that pulled such sledges (called *carns*) as are used for the hauling home of peat on hilly land, they were conveying huge quantities of household plenishing and the merchandise of the burgh town.

In the mien of these savage chiefs there was great elation that Montrose had little share in, to all appearance. He rode moodily, and when fair opposite our place of concealment he stopped his horse as if to quit the sell, but more likely to get, for a little, out of the immediate company of his lawless troops. None of those home-returning Gaels paid heed to his pause, for they were more Alasdair MacDonald's men than his; MacDonald brought them to the lair of the boar, MacDonald glutted their Highland thirst for Campbell blood, MacDonald had compelled this raid in spite of the protests of the noble man who held the King's Commission and seal.

For some minutes his lordship stood alone on the pathway. The house where we lay was but one, and the meanest, among a numerous cluster of such drear memorials of a black business, and it was easy to believe this general issimo had some gloomy thoughts as he gazed on the work he had lent consent to. He looked at the ruins and he looked up the pass at his barbarians, and shrugged his shoulders with a contempt there was no mistaking.

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"I could bring him down like a capercailzie," said M'Iver coolly, running his eye along his pistol and cocking it through his keek-hole.

"For God's sake don't shoot!" I said, and he laughed quietly.

"Is there anything in my general deportment, Colin, that makes ye think me an assassin or an idiot? I never wantonly shot an unsuspecting enemy, and I'm little likely to shoot Montrose and have a woman and bairn suffer the worst for a stupid moment of glory."

As ill luck would have it, the bairn, that had been playing peacefully in the dusk, at this critical minute let up a cry Montrose plainly heard.

"We're lost, we're lost," said Betty, trembling till the crisp dry bracken rustled about her, and she was for instant flight.

"If we're lost, there's a marquis will go travelling with us," said M'Iver, covering his lordship's heart with his pistol.

Had Montrose given the slightest sign that he intended to call back his men to tread out this last flicker of life in Aora Glen he would never have died on the gibbet at the Grassmarket of Dunedin. Years after, when Grahame met his doom (with much more courtliness and dignity than I could have given him credit for), M'Iver would hark back on his narrow escape at the end of the raiding.

"I had his life in the crook of my finger," he would say; "had I acted on my first thought, Clan Campbell would never have lost Inverlochy, but *bha e air an dàn*, what will be will be, and Grahame's fate was not in the crook of my finger, though so I might think it. Aren't we the fools to fancy sometimes our human wills decide the course of fate and the conclusions of circumstances? From the beginning of time, my Lord Marquis of Montrose was meant for the scaffold."

Montrose, when he heard the child's cry, only looked to either hand to see that none of his friends heard it, and finding there was no one near him, took off his Highland bonnet, lightly, to the house where he jaloused there was a woman with the wean, and passed slowly on his way.

"It's so honest an act," said John, pulling in his pistol, "that I would be a knave to advantage myself of the occasion."

A generous act enough. I daresay there were few in the following of James Grahame would have borne such a humane part at the end of a bloody business; and I never heard our people cry down the name of Montrose (bitter foe to me and mine) but I minded to his credit that he had a compassionate ear for a child's cry in the ruined hut of Aora Glen.

Montrose gave no hint to his staff of what he had heard, for when he joined them, he nor they turned round to look behind. Before us now, free and open, lay the way to Inneraora. We got down before the dusk fell, and were the first of its returning inhabitants to behold what a scandal of charred houses and robbed chests the Athole and Antrim caterans had left us.

In the gray light the place lay tenantless and melancholy, the snow of the silent street and lane trodden to a slush, the evening star peeping between the black roof-timbers, the windows lozenless, the doors burned out or hanging off their hinges. Before the better houses were piles of goods and gear turned out on the causeway. They had been turned about by pike-handles and trodden upon with contemptuous heels, and the pick of the plenishing was gone. Though upon the rear of the kirk there were two great mounds, that showed us where friend and foe had been buried, that solemn memorial was not so poignant to the heart as the poor relics of the homes gutted and sacked. The Provost's tenement, of all the lesser houses in the burgh, was the only one that stood in its outer entirety, its arched ceils proof against the malevolent fire. Yet its windows gaped black and empty. The tide was in close on the breast-wall behind, and the sound of it came up and moaned in the close like the sough of a sea-shell held against the ear.

We stood in the close, the three of us (the bairn clinging in wonder to the girl's gown), with never a word for a space, and that sough of the sea was almost a coronach.

(*To be continued.*)

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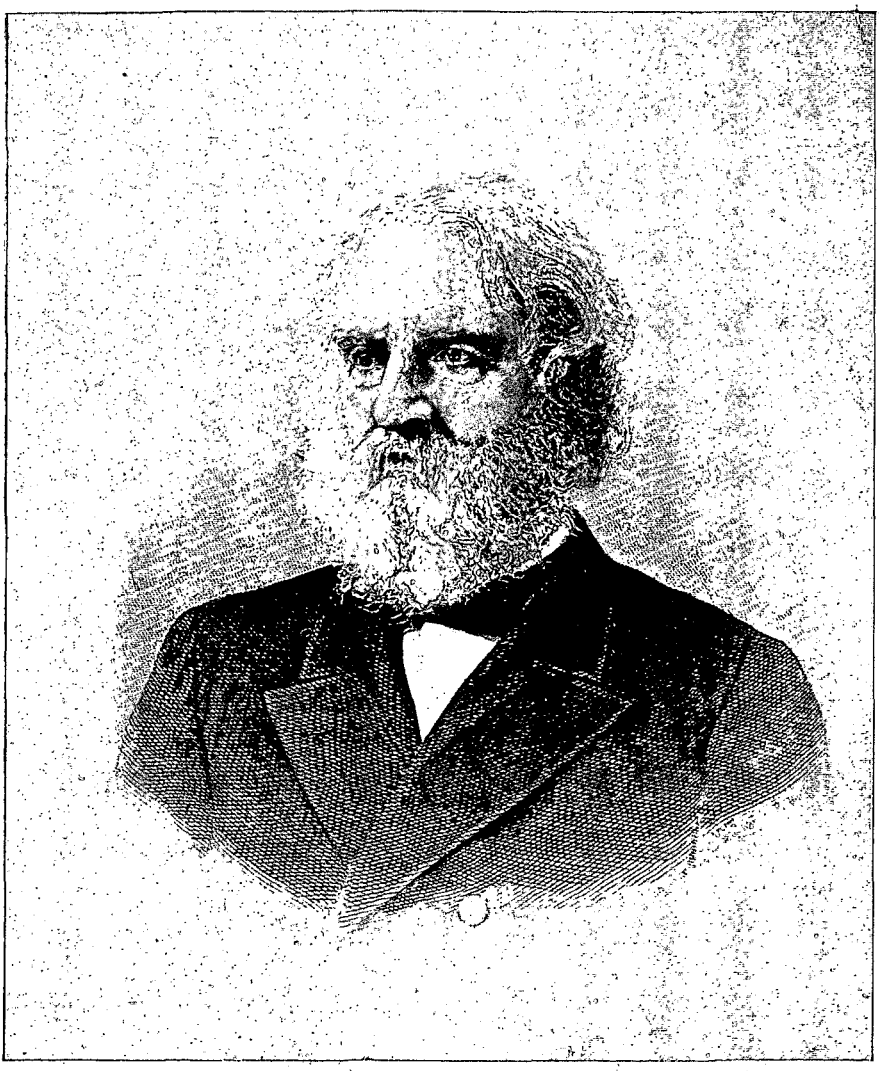

Henry W. Longfellow.
1879.

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

XII.—Longfellow and Holmes.

Few of us know at first hand the music of shepherds, sailors, and gipsies; yet certain strains and cadences unfailingly bring before the mind, even without the visual aid which opera provides, the images of these persons. The notes by which we recognise them have become a part of musical tradition. The qualities commonly ascribed to shepherds and gipsies, to say nothing of sailors, were, of course, conspicuously lacking in Longfellow and Holmes. By their long and fully known lives, however, their personalities, no less than

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LONGFELLOW IN YOUTH.

the notes of their music, have become virtually traditional. Their habits of thought and expression entered long ago into the common stock of accepted knowledge. It has been said by Andrew Lang of Longfellow, and the words may be applied with hardly less of accuracy to Dr. Holmes, that his "qualities are so mixed with what the reader brings, with so many kindliest associations of memory, that one cannot easily criticise him in cold blood." Happily there is no need here of such a proceeding. When it comes to recalling the personal traits of the two writers, one is confronted with the double difficulty, that their lives are at once singularly well known and singularly uneventful. It is almost like reciting certain of their own most familiar lines to relate anew the incidents of their careers. The knowledge of them must be well-nigh universal, so that the narrator can do little more than to refrain, if possible, from such traditional phrases as "the genial autocrat" and "the beloved poet of Cambridge," and to be content with saying again what many of his readers must know already.

The contrast between the volumes containing the complete works of Longfellow and of Holmes is strong enough to speak for the contrast between their native endowments. Indeed, there would be scanty reason for placing their names side by side were it not that the backgrounds of their lives present resemblances many and marked. In modern American life there can hardly be a social unit so distinct and indivisible as that which stood for "society" in Boston in the days when these two men were in their long-continued prime. Their background, to a striking degree, was the background of this social unit, their Boston, of course, being that which stretches toward Cambridge and Harvard College, rather than toward State Street and the wharves. If for stricter accuracy it must be said that for Longfellow it was Cambridge, on the contrary, that stretched itself toward Boston, it is necessary only to remember that the best intellectual and social interests of the two places were one. It was not for the persons identified most strongly with these conservative interests to be found in the front ranks of such "movements" as abolition and transcendentalism. Emerson and Lowell took greater liberties in being laws unto themselves. Lowell could undoubtedly see the truth and humour of his wife's remark about Abolitionists: "They do not modulate their words and voices. They are like people who live with the deaf, or near waterfalls, and whose voices become high and harsh." At the same time Lowell could become early and heartily an Abolitionist, Longfellow less promptly and completely, and Holmes not at all. Perhaps this is but another way of saying that Holmes and Longfellow stood supreme among their brotherhood of writers in their identification with the social world in which they found themselves. It was a world which cared not a whit whether Bohemia was bounded by the sea or by mountains, which was sufficient unto itself, which restricted its

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travels to foreign lands —unless now and then an individual should make a lecturing tour in America—and withal it was a world from which sordidness and low ideals were excluded with rare success. It is no more difficult to discover its limitations in certain directions than it is to be entertained by the unfailing appearance of one member of its group of writers with a copy of verses whenever another member was about to sail for Europe; yet this larger world of "society" and its smaller *imperium in imperio* of letters, were fruits of American life which one would be only too glad to see still ripening in any quarter of the land. That the fruitage should take two such different forms as those presented by the work of Longfellow and Holmes is not the least significant point in placing them together against their background.

LONGFELLOW AT FORTY-FOUR.

It was not until the year 1836, when Longfellow was but little short of thirty years old, that he found himself before this background. He had ancestral rights to being there. His father and great-grandfather were graduates of Harvard College, and through his mother's family his descent from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins was as direct as Bryant's. But the Boston and Cambridge surroundings were not those of his earlier years. He was born on February 27th, 1807, in Portland, Me., where his father was a distinguished lawyer, and in 1825 he was graduated from Bowdoin College, in the class with Hawthorne. During his college years the tendency toward books and verse-making, which had begun early in his well-conditioned boyhood, was clearly enough marked to reveal unmistakable signs of his future both to himself and to his elders. "The fact is," he wrote to his father before his graduation, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." That his elders were not without hopes of this future may be inferred from the encouragement given him by the editors of the day to send them his productions in prose and verse. Still more encouraging to him must have been the proffer, immediately upon his graduation, of the newly established Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, with the opportunity of studying in Europe before his duties should begin.

In yet another of his college letters to his father Longfellow declared: "I have resolutely determined to enjoy myself heartily wherever I am. I find it most profitable to form such plans as are least liable to failure." These statements might almost be taken from a *credo* of optimism. They were the words

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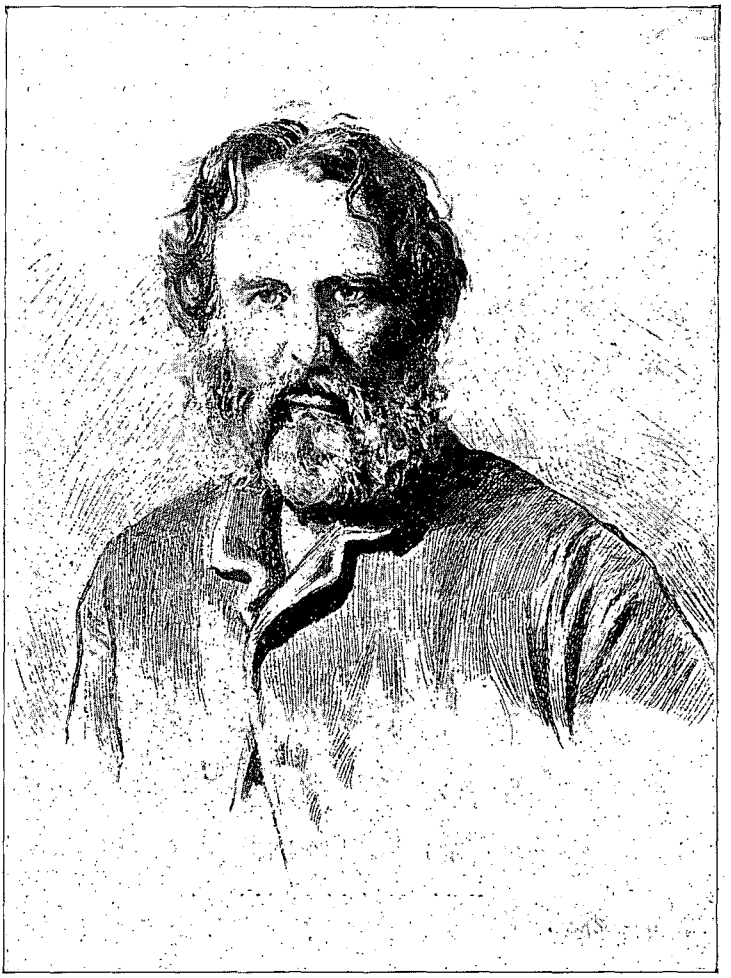

LONGFELLOW AT FIFTY-FIVE.

of a boy, but of the very boy who became the Longfellow of later years. In the letters which he wrote from Europe, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, the connecting links between the boy and the man are clearly apparent. A shrewdness of observation, a kindliness of humour hardly consistent with its utmost keenness, and a thorough good feeling for those about him and at home are constantly manifested. What strikes one, perhaps, even more forcibly is the fact that this boy from a quiet New England town and college was so excellently well qualified to travel. His mind was already well enough trained to tell his eye what it needed most to see, and his serious study of the literatures of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, carried on for three years in their own countries, rendered this mind indeed a well-tempered instrument for the work it had to do when he returned to Bowdoin College in 1829.

Early in 1829 he had written from Göttingen to one of his sisters, "My poetic career is finished," and for some years nobody would have questioned the truth of the statement. Except for the poetical translation of *Coplas de Manrique*, the writings of the five years of his Bowdoin professorship were in prose—magazine articles, text-books of French, Spanish, and Italian, and the sketches of travel brought together in 1835 in the two volumes of *Outre Mer*. The kinship of this first original production of his with Irving's *Sketch-Book* is almost invariably pointed out; and when this is done, it is worth while to remind one's self that Longfellow, in his later years, is reported to have spoken of the *Sketch-Book* as the first book that fascinated his boyish imagination. It was less as a poet, then, than as a scholar and a writer of good prose that he was asked, in 1834, to undertake the Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, in which his predecessor was George Ticknor, and his successor Lowell. There was again an opportunity to go abroad for further study, and he eagerly accepted it. With him went his wife (Mary Storer Potter), whom he had married in Portland in 1831. In Sweden and Denmark and Germany he applied himself to study as in his earlier days. Before the end of 1835 the first great sorrow of his life befell him in the death of his wife at Rotterdam. In the Paul

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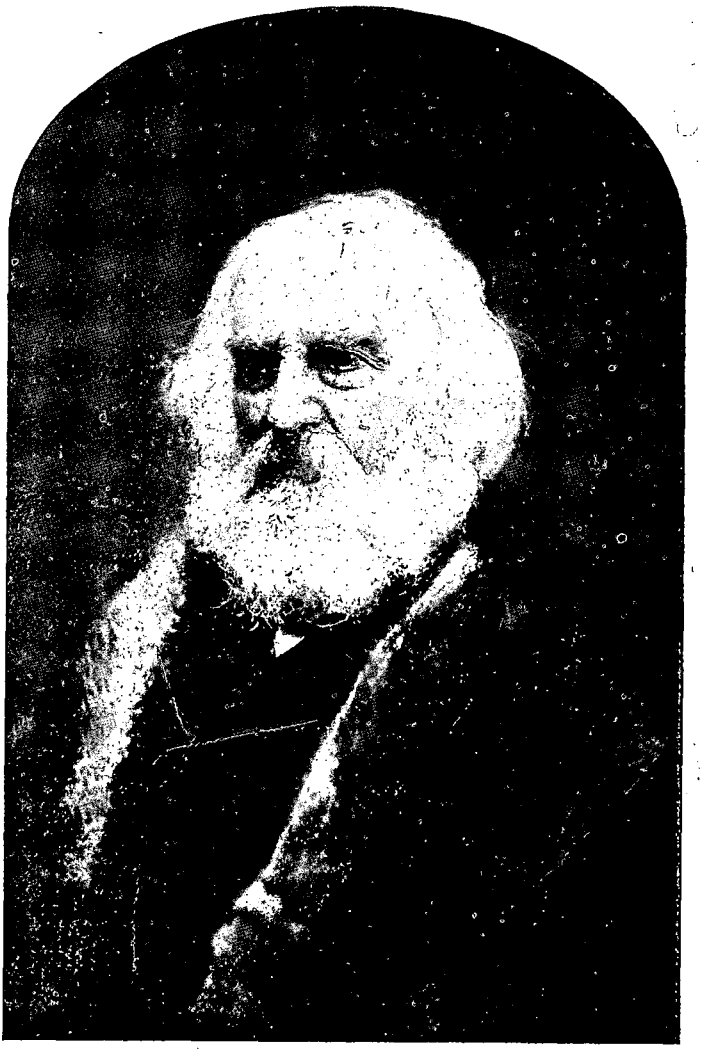
Flemming of *Hyperion*, published four years later, the Longfellow of this heavy-hearted time revealed himself with tolerable clearness. One need but compare the book with his journal and letters to see how much of real life was reproduced in the form of fiction. Even at the time it must have been a palpably open secret that the heroine of the story was the heroine of the real and longer romance of Longfellow's second marriage. It was not only through study, therefore, but also through vital experience that Longfellow's second sojourn abroad had its telling effect upon him, both as a professor and as a poet. At the end of 1836 he established himself in Cambridge. "This was no broken-winded minister," as Dr. Hale has said, "who had been made professor;" and Longfellow and the place in which he found himself seemed from that time forth inalienably fitted to each other.



Henry W. Longfellow

From his last photograph taken shortly before his death.

This very year of 1836 was marked by the appearance of Dr. Holmes's first volume of *Poems;* but to the surroundings into which Longfellow had just come, Dr. Holmes, like another St. Paul, was born free. It gave him evident pleasure to relate how his entry into the world at Cambridge, Mass., was marked by the simple record in his father's almanac of *son b.* against the date August 29th, 1809. As one who declared his preference politically for equality, but socially for *the* quality, it must have given him constant satisfaction to reflect upon his ancestry, for it was about as good as any which New England could afford, and gave him an unquestioned place in the caste well named by himself, Brahmin. His early training at home, at Andover, and at Harvard College, where he was graduated in the year which his verses for the "Class of '29" rendered famous, differed from that of his contemporaries born to circumstances like his own, mainly in its larger infusion of Calvinism. He began early to rebel against the doctrines which his orthodox father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, would have had him accept, and never quite ceased to resent the attempt to force them upon

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DR. HOLMES.

From *Vanity Fair*, June, 1886.

him. Evidently he was not to follow in his father's professional footsteps. For a year he attempted the study of the law, as Lowell did later; but the best thing he achieved during that time was the impetuous writing of "Old Ironsides," which carried his name up and down throughout the country. A college periodical, as he said half a century later, also tempted him into print, and infected him with that pervasive form of lead-poisoning "which reaches the young author through mental contact with type-metal." Of his two mistresses, the muse and medical science, it was thus the muse to whom he gave his first allegiance. But medicine was soon to become the serious business of his life, and for three years—one at home and two in Paris—he applied himself diligently to professional study. At the beginning of 1836 he was ready to hang out his sign in Boston, but his medical success was to lie in the work of a writer and lecturer rather than of a practitioner. As his biographer, Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., has admirably put it: "When he said that the smallest fevers were thankfully received, the people who had no fevers laughed, but the people who had them preferred some one who would take the matter more seriously than they thought this lively young joker was likely to do." Mr. Morse has also pointed out the fact that his publishing a volume of poems in the very year of his beginning to practise was, professionally, reckless. If the book, however, had contained nothing worth reading except "The Last Leaf" and "Old Ironsides," it would have served to announce the arrival of a new and distinct figure in American letters.

Here, then, were Longfellow and Holmes, in the year 1836 virtually beginning their respective careers, as a Harvard professor, and as a Boston physician and writer of verses. Each was to become much more in the years that followed, but for Holmes there was to be a long period of comparatively limited fame. Mr. Leslie Stephen has said of him, "Few popular authors have had a narrower escape from obscurity," and the remark is full of truth. It surely might be held as one of the genuine *Ifs* of literary history that *if* the *Atlantic Monthly* had not chanced to come into existence in 1857, with Lowell as its chief editor, insisting as "a condition precedent" that Dr. Holmes should be his foremost contributor, the "Breakfast-Table" series of books, and Dr. Holmes's novels, which also first saw the light in the *Atlantic*, would have stood an excellent chance of remaining unwritten. To see the possible author of these books in the Holmes of the twenty-one years between 1836 and 1857 required a shrewd vision. Many admirable realities were visible to eyes less keen than Lowell's. Not only as a

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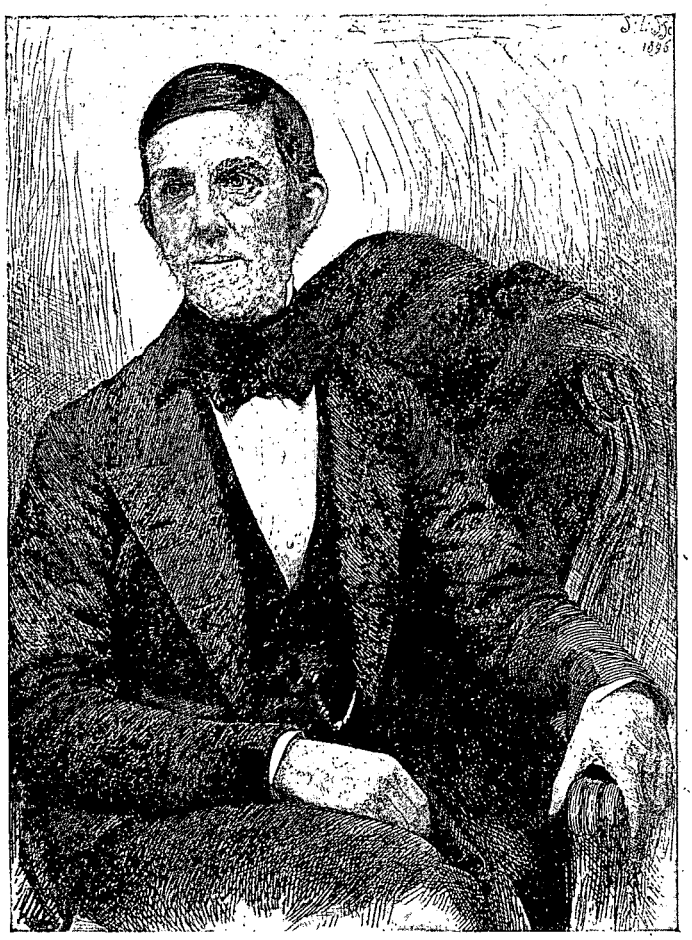
writer of medical essays, but still more as a professor of anatomy, first for two years at Dartmouth College, and then in the Medical School of Harvard University, where for the better part of a lifetime he occupied not a chair, as he expressed it, but a whole settee, he was doing the things necessary to attain a good name as a scientist. His lectures on the English poets and other literary themes, in Boston and New England towns where the lyceum system flourished, added something to the reputation as a man of letters which he was winning by means of successive volumes of verse. But through all this time it was within his own circle that his gifts were most fully appreciated. His marriage, in 1840, to Miss Amelia Lee Jackson had made this native circle doubly his own. If it was provincial, none realised the fact better than he. "We all carry the Common in our heads as the unit of space," he once wrote to Motley, "the State House as the standard of architecture, and measure off men in Edward Everetts as with a yard-stick;" and less consciously he bears witness to his nativity by writing of his health, "I am nicely." But he was intensely proud of his Boston, and was yet to show by the literary uses to which he put it how the local might be extended into the universal. He declared even that he would rest upon having said, "Boston is the hub of the universe." And this Boston which he knew came to know him well as a delightful wit and talker, a curious student of himself—so frank that he could write, "I have always considered my face a convenience rather than an ornament"—a shrewd observer of men, and the local laureate of civic, social, and academic "occasions." Nothing that he has left shows more clearly than the "Poems of the Class of '29" the strength of his social instinct and the nature of his social gift. Add to the printed lines the knowledge that he frequently sang instead of reading these verses at the class meetings to which he brought them without a break for thirty-eight years, and the man and the lyric tendency of his muse both stand forth with a certain clearness. It is equally easy to see, however, that if his light had continued to show itself only to those under the bushel where Dr. Holmes long hid it, his escape from obscurity would not have been narrow, but impossible.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1850.

From *Life and Letters*, by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr.

When 1857 came to Longfellow, it found his fame far beyond the need of

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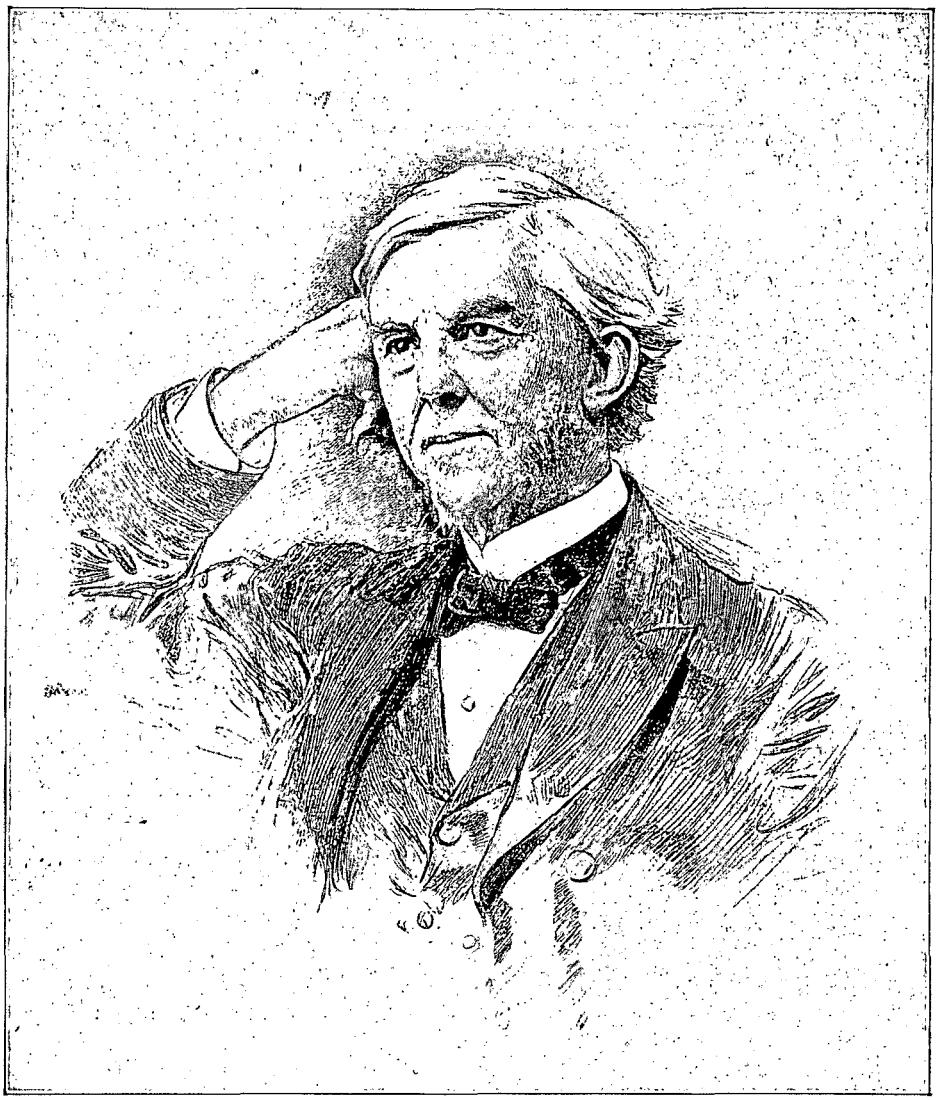

Yours very Truly,

Oliver Wendell Holmes

such help as might come to it through the medium of a new magazine. From 1839, when *Hyperion* and his first volume of poems, *Voices of the Night*, appeared, he had gone on year by year bringing out the poems, short and long, that carried his name and the love for the books which bore it through most of the world. It is needless to recite the list of these works, for they are still household words. As early as 1847 came *Evangeline*, raising among the critics the interminable question of the possibility of English hexameters, a question which the unnumbered thousands did not take time to answer, except by buying the book and reading it with delight. Hawthorne had given him the story, and when the book won its immediate recognition, Longfellow modestly wrote to

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Cambridge, Nov. 9.
1873.

Dear Madam,

I have had the pleasure of receiving your note, and the poems you were kind enough to send me, and beg you to accept my thanks for this mark of your consideration.

These poems I have read with interest and sympathy, and feel how great a comfort it must be to you to be able to occupy the leisure, which advancing years bring with them, with the exercise of your talent. Ill, as you say, you cannot hear the singing of the birds, you will enjoy all the more the sound of the voice that sings within.

Hoping that this consolation may never fail you, I am, Dear Madam

Yours truly

Henry W. Longfellow.

him: "This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose." In 1855 *Hiawatha*, which may not unfairly be considered as Longfellow's most individual production, took its separate place in American literature. From time to time, throughout the entire period ending with 1857, a great number of the shorter poems by which Longfellow is best known made their appearance. For him the chief effect of the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly* was external, in that it provided, virtually at his door, a medium for almost anything he might write.

It has become a truism to say that the serenity of Longfellow's poetry was merely a reflection from his own life. It is no less a threadbare story to tell of the young professor's applying to Madam Craigie for rooms in the house which had been Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, and of her informing him that she could take no more students as

AUTOGRAPH LETTER (SLIGHTLY REDUCED) OF LONGFELLOW, NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

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lodgers. But her lodger he became, and in 1843, when he married Miss Frances E. Appleton, of Boston, her father bought the Craigie house and gave it to the young professor and his wife. The daily life encompassed by its walls is set forth with sufficient detail in Longfellow's published journals. It was a scholarly, placid life, filled with domestic content, varied within its own limits by constant, gracious hospitality, and by journeyings in the summer, for many years no farther than to Nahant. There were few occasions for rebelling against circumstances in such a life as Longfellow's, and the notes of complaint in the journals are rare. Illness, troublesome eyesight, the inroads of impertinent admirers and seekers after autographs and advice, whom he treated with the tender kindness shown in the letter here reproduced—these sometimes gave him fair occasion for protest. But most of all were his college duties irksome—"the working in the crypts of life, the underground labour," as he defined his teaching. The longing for greater freedom for literary production was gratified in 1855, when he gave up his professorship. Through all the ensuing period, in which Dr. Holmes began to win his universal fame, Longfellow, already a firmly established "figure," was merely fixing more securely the fame he had won. "I do not see why a successful book," says one of the characters in *Hyperion*, "is not as great an event as a successful campaign." The remainder of Longfellow's life was for the most part eventful only in this way.

The tragic exception from the smoothness of these years was the death of Mrs. Longfellow in the summer of 1861. Her dress took fire from a match on the floor, and the next day she died from the shock of the burning. Longfellow, some weeks later, defined himself as "outwardly calm, but inwardly bleeding to death." What the loss of his wife was to him we know best from the fact that the only reference to it in his writings is found in the sonnet, "The Cross of Snow," written eighteen years after her death, and kept from the world until after his own. As Bryant undertook the translation of Homer, so Longfellow in his sorrow turned to Dante, jocosely calling translation in general "the last infirmity of noble minds."

The evenings devoted to the criticism of this work by Lowell, Mr. Norton, and others whose opinion was worth getting, showed Longfellow at his best, in the midst of friends. His letters constantly tell us how much his friendships were to him, even from the almost boyish days, when Charles Sumner, George W. Greene, and Samuel Ward first took their important places in his life. It is not without a certain significance to find Mr. Howells saying that "he was Longfellow to friends who were James and Charles and Wendell to one another." For somewhat the same reason, perhaps, it is easier for everybody to speak of him merely as "Longfellow," than it is to drop the "Dr." from before the name of Holmes. The contrast between the men in the relations of friendship is brought clearly to mind by comparing the quality and frequency of Dr. Holmes's class poems with Longfellow's single production of the kind, his "Morituri Salutamus," written fifty years after graduation. "Just before leaving for our respective homes," writes one of those who heard him read it, "we gathered in a retired college-room for the last time, talked together a half hour as of old, agreed to exchange photographs, and prayed together." The seriousness of this picture undoubtedly had its counterpart in some of the last meetings of Dr. Holmes's class; but it would be impossible to imagine Longfellow as the singer of some of the earlier rollicking verses of Holmes. What the one said of the other is this: "I find Longfellow peculiarly sweet in disposition, gentle, soothing to be with, not commonly brilliant in conversation, but at times very agreeable, and saying excellent things with a singular modesty." Such expressions as these help one to understand why the word "benignant" has so often been applied to him. In the personal quality of the man there must have been much of the temper which prompted him to write of Poe: "The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong." And many years later he wrote in his journal, as if in gentle protest: "Poets who cannot write long poems think that no long poems should be written." In Poe's passionate charge of plagiarism there undoubtedly was as much truth as

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Mr. Stedman expresses in calling Longfellow "a good borrower," and as any one may see by looking at the obvious connection between what Longfellow read and what he wrote. But there was never any attempt to conceal this obviousness, any more than there was to refrain from making nearly the same entry in his journal year by year against the date of October 1st. The obviousness of another sort which characterises much of his work may well be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Stedman's just remark about the later fashion of slighting him "for the very qualities which had made him beloved and famous," and with his own saying that authors, of all men, must come at the right time. Longfellow surely did this, and if the singers that have followed him are not permitted to deal so freely in the obvious, may it not be in part because his unerring craftsmanship has imposed upon them the need of doing simple things extremely well if they are to be done at all? So many gifts, not of craftsmanship only, were his, and such was the spell of his personal presence, that Howells could truly write of a chance meeting with him in a Cambridge street, "You felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history." This feeling rendered it impossible for his contemporaries and their immediate successors to give him his true place. Whether he is held above it to-day, or has sunk below it, can hardly be told with complete certainty, for the Longfellow tradition is still potent to attract some minds and to repel others. When he died on March 24th, 1882, there were few voices of dissent from the opinion that the clearest and best-beloved light of American letters was extinguished.

The year of Longfellow's death was the very year in which Dr. Holmes gave up his medical professorship, and became more than ever such a "figure" as Longfellow had been for many years. Fame had come with extraordinary swiftness as soon as the "Autocrat" papers, begun in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857, were known to be his. It would be so strange at this day to think of ascribing their manner and method to anybody else, that one is amused to find in the December, 1857, number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* the statement: "If John Sanderson, author of 'The American in Paris,' were alive, we should unhesitatingly attribute 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table' to his facile pen." The open secret in Boston that Dr. Holmes was its author soon became open everywhere; and particularly when the second series, "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," dealing somewhat more freely with religious beliefs, began to appear, the name of Holmes associated itself in many minds with everything that was dangerous and iconoclastic. The mildness to modern ears of many of the passages that seemed most shocking forty years ago is more eloquent than any words could be about that general tempering of rigorous beliefs in which Dr. Holmes was undoubtedly one of the strongest influences. As his habit of mind in this regard extended itself to others, so did his more

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here.
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF MS. OF DR. HOLMES'S "LAST LEAF."

From *Life and Letters*, by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr.

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personal habits of thought and phrase —shrewd, whimsical, and kindly—become year by year more familiar. In verse, in fiction, not wholly clear of the charge of being "medicated," in the memoirs of his friends, Motley and Emerson, in the volume written to acknowledge the overpowering attentions that filled his hundred days of 1886 in Europe, and in later returns to what Mr. Howells has excellently called "the form of dramatised essay which he invented in the Autocrat"—in all these writings the personal Dr. Holmes is eminently present, "a Boswell writing out himself." It is no wonder that the regard in which Lowell and his own circle had long held him in Boston communicated itself, almost without modification, to an entire world of readers.

Dr. Holmes died on October 7th, 1894. Of all the company of men who kept so much of our literary history of the nineteenth century within and near Boston, it was for him to walk farthest with the new generation. But with his death a period which had virtually ended some years before was brought to an outward close. The work of what came as nearly as anything we have had to being a "school" of writers was definitely completed. What variety within its general uniformity was possible the two names of Longfellow and Holmes abundantly suggest. Yet diverse as they were, it is well worth while to think of them together as representatives in literature of all the good things that come of the best birth and breeding, and of the scholarly high-mindedness that should be implied by those terms. "There is a little plant called *Reverence* in the corner of my soul's garden which I love to have watered about once a week;" so Dr. Holmes once said of his church-going habits. Not only would Longfellow have spoken a hearty Amen to these words, but their meaning for both might be so extended as to include their general attitude of men who are conservatives at heart. Such they both were in spite of occasional demonstrations to the contrary. To aid in the foundation of a national literature which should stand entirely apart from our inheritance of letters was obviously not the work for which such men were made. What they received from their past and reflected from their present may not have been largely typical of the thing we call "Americanism," but they both transmitted faithfully what came to them, and apart from all the delight they communicated to others by this process, the background they cannot help revealing is one which the best Americans will do well to remember and revere.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

NIGHTFALL.

Silver to gold is the lake to the sky;
And the blackened bar of the hills between
Is an ebon screen where the flames may die;
While high when the blue melts into the green,
The gleaming scythe of the night is seen.

A voice through the woods is calling far—
Through the gossiping branches all astir;
For the night-wind pines for the evening star,
And sighs, "Are you waking, Love?" to her.

Thomas Walsh.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

Unanswered letters have been accumulating with such rapidity of late, that we shall waste no time this month on any preliminary remarks of our own, but shall devote all the space at our disposal to a partial clearing of the file.

I.

In the last Letter-Box we inadvertently spoke of "the verb *due*," and seventeen energetic souls have since then written to ask whether we don't know a verb from an adjective. Yes, we do; but we made a slip of the pen that time. We are sorry for it. Now please let up on us.

II.

Some one in Poughkeepsie wants to know whether it is not "a descent from authorship to journalism to use the pronoun 'I' in a story told in the third person." Thus, Mr. Henry James, in *What Maisie Knew*, and Miss Pool, in *The Red Bridge Neighbourhood*, both speak in their own proper persons now and then. Well, for our part, we don't see why they shouldn't. Thackeray did it. And why does it suggest journalism?

III.

C. M. R., Jr., of Dover, New Jersey, asks why we don't publish from time to time a necrology of authors as a matter of contemporaneous record. We think the idea rather a good one, and perhaps we shall adopt it in the future. Thanks.

IV.

An American residing in Louvain, Belgium, who has written us on a topic already discussed in the Letter-Box begins by addressing us as "Dear Sir (or Madam)." Please not "Madam."

V.

Here is an old misunderstanding which we have several times corrected. A gentleman sends us a Whist Club circular with this sentence in it:

"If you cannot get a partner, come anyhow and one will be assigned you."

Then he asks:

"Is 'you' the 'retained object' with a passive verb?"

No. "You" is the indirect object—the dative and not the accusative case. Hence the sentence is correct.

VI.

A lady wishes to know whether Mr. Marshall P. Wilder is still alive, and where he can be addressed. We answer that he is still very much alive, and that he can be addressed in the care of Major J. B. Pond, Everett House, New York City.

VII.

A long time ago we used this sentence:

"The problem novel may interest the few who have ulterior aims than mere entertainment," etc.

A correspondent asks us whether it is good English to say "ulterior than." We fear not. Our mind must have been working on a Latin basis at the time when the sentence passed us.

VIII.

A lady in Worcester, Massachusetts, wishes to know who wrote the poem of which she remembers these two stanzas:

"No man hath sighed, nor woman wept,
To go their way without him;
So, lying here, he still will have
His truest friends about him.

"Then ope thy mantle fringed with green,
Bordered with bud and blossom,
And take him tenderly to rest,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom."

We don't know who wrote it, but it is not first class whoever did it. A poet who will make "blossom" rhyme with "bosom" is himself the sort of person over whom no man ever sighed nor woman wept to go their way without him.

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IX.

A query from Greencastle, Indiana :

"DEAR SIRS : Until recently I was ignorant of the fact that THE BOOKMAN is a magazine 'noted for its classical and pure English.' Since I have it on no less authority than its own columns that it is of such a character, I have tried to justify its use of the word 'bang' as it is used in comment XIII. in the Letter-Box of the March number. My Dictionary, the *American Encyclopædia*, tells me that the word 'bang' in the sense in which it is used by THE BOOKMAN is vulgar. Must I accuse THE BOOKMAN of using vulgar English, or must I adopt a new dictionary?

"Very courteously,

"QUIBBLER."

Adopt a new dictionary. Nothing that appears in THE BOOKMAN is ever vulgar, except perhaps things that we quote from some Fonetik Refawrmer.

X.

From Strathroy, Ontario :

"Is it correct to use 'trust' with the future tense? See S. R. Crockett's letter on p. 14, March BOOKMAN.

"IGNORAMUS."

The sentence is as follows :

"I trust, indeed I am sure, the volumes will meet with a warm welcome."

Yes, this is correct enough ; though Mr. Crockett, like most Scotchmen, leaves out the conjunction "that."

XI.

We have had so many unkind things said to us about our rule not to return rejected manuscripts, that we must print the following. It is the first paragraph of a letter which accompanies a short story ; and it embodies a point of view which we commend to our esteemed contributors as having a certain originality about it :

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

"I notice that you do not return rejected manuscripts. Now that will be better for me than the return, as I do not like my family to know that I am doing any writing."

XII.

A sensible letter :

"ENGLEWOOD, N. J., March 21, 1898.

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

"Will you kindly give your readers some information regarding the pronunciation of the word 'Celt'? It seems to be the fad now to pronounce it 'Kelt' even when written with a 'C,' though I can find no dictionary that authorises this pronunciation. I know that 'C' in the Latin of the Romans was hard, but if that is reason enough for making it hard in this case, why not make it hard in the numberless other cases in which Latin words have been introduced into English? It seems to me, for instance, that if this rule is to prevail we shall have to say Per kent and Perkentage, instead of Per cent and Percentage.

"Yours very truly,

"C. H."

The word is to be pronounced "Kelt" only when it is so written. There is no reason for pronouncing it in this way when it is written with a C.

XIII.

A gentleman in Washington asks us to define a "dialect" as distinguished from a *patois*. We reply that a dialect is a definite form of speech differing from the language of the main branch of the race by reason of usages due to separation and special conditions. Historically, a dialect is generally one of several forms of a language standing at first upon an equal footing with the rest, but gradually becoming subordinate to another when the people who speak the latter get to be the dominating section of the race by reason of their greater political power, wealth, and refinement. Thus, originally, Northern English, Middle English, and Southern English were equally important ; but as the Middle English was used by the literary masters, it became the standard, and the other two forms of speech sank to the position of mere dialects. But *patois* is properly nothing but an ignorant corruption of a standard form of speech.

XIV.

Our readers will remember that some time ago we printed a communication from a gentleman whose address is Ellis Avenue, Chicago, and offered a prize for its elucidation if sent in within thirty days. We fear that our readers misunderstood the nature of the question, for all the answers that were sent within the time to which the offer was limited have had to do wholly with that gentleman's state of mind. Now we did not ask to have the gentleman himself elucidated, but only his remarks, and this our correspondents have failed to do. Hence we cannot conscientiously award the prize, especially as we have no means of knowing whether the answers are correct. For the sake of the gentleman in Ellis Avenue, we hope they are not.

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LONDON LETTER.

There is still an almost feverish activity among us in the production of new periodicals. The great limited companies of Newnes, Pearson, Harmsworth, and Cassell are competing with each other even unto the death. Sir George Newnes has started a new monthly called *The World Wide Magazine*, and a sixpenny weekly entitled *The Ladies' Field*. He is also to start a weekly religious journal at a penny, thirty-two pages, with a wrapper. The first numbers of the *World Wide Magazine* and the *Ladies' Field* are somewhat disappointing. They have great merits, but hardly promise continuous life. The *World Wide Magazine* is devoted to stories of adventure—true stories they are called—and it excludes fiction. It is no less than wonderful if a popular periodical without fiction has come to stay, and the exclusion seems to be a great mistake. Adventures are necessarily limited. You can have an adventure with a tiger, an adventure on a mountain, an adventure with the North Pole, an adventure on the sea, and there you are. The rest are mere variations; so while it is possible to publish one or two good collections, it is not possible to go on indefinitely. The *Strand Musical Magazine* was an example of the same thing. People may buy two or three numbers of such a magazine, but they do not want it monthly. At one time not very long ago the *Strand Musical Magazine* had a circulation of 150,000, and now it seems to have disappeared, though I understand it is still published for copyright purposes. The *Ladies' Field* was taken to be a sporting periodical for ladies, but, as a matter of fact, it is just an ordinary ladies' weekly on very good paper, and with the illustrations well produced, but not properly arranged, and with the fatal defect of containing next to no news. Of course it may be pulled into shape and made to thrive, but this will not be easy. Messrs. Pearson's magazine, *Melody*, which was to do great things, is, I believe, still in existence. Messrs. Cassell have reported this year considerably reduced profits, and the lowest dividend they have paid—7½ per cent. This falling off they attribute partly to the Jubilee year, and partly to the great competition in serials. As I write, the question whether Messrs. Harmsworth will produce a new magazine at threepence is still undecided. Mr. David Williamson has resigned the editorship of the *Windsor Magazine*. Under his care it has made great progress, and boasts a circulation approaching 200,000. Mr. Williamson has received various offers of work, but I understand has not accepted any up to the present. His father is the head of the famous old furniture firm at Guildford in Surrey, a firm which I believe is well known in America.

Turning to books, we have had no striking success this spring. The new stories of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman have had a very mixed reception, and it is generally agreed that the latter, at least, has fallen far below his previous mark. In fact, the spring season this year has not been very satisfactory. Many people are inclined to attribute this fact to the preoccupation of the public mind with rumours of war. We have managed to get into trouble all over the world, and whether it will be possible to find a peaceful and honourable extrication from all of these quarrels appears doubtful. It is needless to say that war would kill for the time the publishing trade.

The prospects for the autumn are, however, satisfactory so far as I can hear. It is too soon to reveal the various plans being actively prosecuted by different houses, but a few facts may be mentioned. In the first place, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the eminent poet and critic of the *Athenæum*, has resolved to give to the public his novel, *Aylwin*, which was written and put into print, though not published, more than twenty years ago. The main reason for its postponement was that Mr. Watts-Dunton introduced persons then living. They are now nearly all of them dead. Chief of these is Mr. Watts-Dunton's great friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of whom a vivid sketch is given, bringing out a noble and chivalrous element in his character—an element almost buried out of sight in the trivial and painful recollections of many biographers. The story deals mainly with out-of-doors

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life, and the plot is said to be of absorbing interest. The volume will be published in this country by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Mr. Watts-Dunton still lives at Putney with Mr. Swinburne, who has been his companion for many years. I am glad to say that Mr. Swinburne is in excellent health and spirits. He looks many years younger than his age, keeps himself well in touch with current literature, and is, as always, a lover of the open air. Mr. Watts-Dunton is being much urged by his friends to publish a collection of his remarkable criticisms.

Mr. W. Hale White, the author of *Mark Rutherford*, is still living at Hastings, though he has changed his house. I do not hear of any new work from his pen, but he is busy on his minute and elaborate studies of English literature, and has been giving particular attention to the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He has just published a suggestive little book defending Wordsworth from the charge of apostasy. Mr. White takes up in these pages a somewhat conservative position. They are brightly written with the fullest possible knowledge of the whole subject, but it may be doubted whether any one now would brand Wordsworth with the apostate's name.

We are anticipating with pleasure Mr. G. W. Cable's visit to London. Arrangements are being made for his readings, and he will be entertained at a literary dinner. An edition of *The Grandissimes* is to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, with a preface by Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. Cable proposes to come over at the end of April, and to bring his work with him, so that he may be free to stay for a considerable time. He will see England at its best, and it is confidently expected that his visit will strengthen the ties between American and English men of letters. An interesting proof of Mr. Cable's popularity in this country was given the other day. The *Times* is to publish a reissue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at a reduced price, the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, having exhausted their stock. In their advertisement, which occupies a whole page, they lay special stress on Mr. Cable's contributions.

Maarten Maartens, the Dutch novelist, who writes in English, has gone for a tour in the East. He expects to spend Holy Week in Jerusalem. He has completed a short novel of English life—his first adventure in this field. He hopes to be back in Holland by the end of May.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is busy with the new novel he is to contribute to *Scribner's Magazine*. It is to be finished by July 1st, but it is uncertain whether it will appear before or after Mr. J. M. Barrie's story. Mr. Barrie receives his LL.D. degree at St. Andrews this week. Another Scotch university offered him the degree, but he accepted the St. Andrews degree because it was the first offered. The University of Edinburgh is his Alma Mater, but that university has always been slow to recognise literary merit. It would have been wise and generous to have given the degree to Robert Louis Stevenson. The exile would have felt real pleasure in such a compliment, and the university would have been highly honoured in conferring it. But the thing was not done. The Robert Louis Stevenson memorial fund is now completed, and amounts, I believe, to something like £1000—much less than was expected. This, however, does not show any want of loyalty to Stevenson's memory. The fact is, these memorial funds are greatly overdone. When a man who has deserved well leaves those dependent upon him in poor circumstances, there is never the slightest difficulty in raising money, but many people object to busts and medallions and bursaries and the like. They think there are too many of them in the world already. I understand that it is not yet quite settled that the biography of Stevenson, prepared by Mr. Sidney Colvin, will appear in October. It ought to appear, however, for these things should not be too long delayed. The materials are immense and valuable, but there is no chance of their being fully used. Mr. Stevenson's representatives are strictly inhibiting the publication of all letters.

By far the most important literary book of the spring is the correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, edited by Mr. William Wallace. It is a book of intense interest, and throws a strong and fresh light on the life and character of Burns. This is the last light, in fact, that will ever fall on the subject, for the known manuscripts are now exhausted. Mr. Wallace has done his work with great skill and care, and the book must

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be in the library of every true student of the poet. At the Burns celebrations in Scotland Mr. Henley's essay was vigorously denounced. The publishers took advantage of the opportunity to issue the essay in a shilling pamphlet, and managed to sell a certain number. One speaker at Glasgow excused the "almost inhuman bitterness" of the essay by detailing Mr. Henley's many trials, but I do not know that that is a kind of defence Mr. Henley would welcome.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, March 26, 1898.

PARIS LETTER.

Zola's "martyrdom" is over, even before it had really begun. The unexpected has happened. The Court of Cassation has quashed all the proceedings, not even ordering that a new trial should take place before some court outside the jurisdiction of the Paris Court of Appeals. It has decided not that Zola had not been properly tried, but that he had not been tried at all, inasmuch as the Minister of War, on whose complaint he was prosecuted, had no action whatever in the matter. Of course it is open to the libelled Council of War to now begin proceedings on its own account; but the general opinion is that nothing of the kind will be done, as the government has no desire of complicating the campaign which is just opening for the election of a new Chamber of Deputies with such an exciting topic as a new Dreyfus trial. I understand that the members of the Council of War are to be called together, and that they will adopt a finely worded resolution, stating that they are *audessus des insultes d'un Zola*, and that whatever vindication they might have needed has been given them by the verdict of a Paris jury and by the support of public opinion all over the land. And thus the whole thing will end, and Zola will have no chance of competing with Silvio Pellico and giving us a new version of *My Prisons*.*

The elections always somewhat stir up literary circles, as French men of letters are generally fond of political life. It is said that Maurice Barrès is quite anxious to be a candidate in Nancy, and that his last novel, *Les Déracinés*, was partly written for the purpose of paving the way for his candidacy. But another man of letters is just about to retire from the House. It is Viscount Melchior de Vogüé, who sadly announces to his constituents that he is just now disgusted with things generally, and that he is not anxious to represent them any more. Rumour has it that they are no more anxious to be represented by him than he is to represent them, so there will be no quarrel. It must be admitted, moreover, that the Viscount's tenure has not been especially brilliant. He shines better in the salons or in the Academy, where, however, he has just managed, quite unexpectedly and uselessly, it seems, to run foul of nearly the whole Parisian public. On the 24th of last month, while answering the *discours de réception* of M. Hanotaux, he suddenly launched into quite a eulogy of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in 1851 and of the late imperial government. The performance seemed the stranger in that among the guests of the Academy figured not only all the Cabinet ministers, but the President of the Republic himself, who had come to hear the maiden Academic speech of his young Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Interesting as the session was, it did not compare in literary brilliancy with the treat that had been offered by the Academy to its visitors two weeks earlier, where the Comte de Mun had come to occupy the seat formerly filled by Jules Simon, and had been received by Count d'Haussonville. Both speeches were among the finest ever heard under *la coupole de l'Institut*, as the phrase goes. Two literary allusions were very much commented upon. Count de Mun ended his speech with two lines of poetry, taken from Edmond Rostand's sacred drama, *La Samaritaine*. To be quoted at the Academy is almost as great an honour as to be elected to a seat, so the fortunate author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* may already consider himself almost an Immortal. The other allusion belongs

* This of course was written before the new prosecution of Zola had been instituted.—ED.

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to the first paragraphs of Comte d'Haussonville, where, speaking of the French defeats of 1870, he called them "*Un désastre et non pas une débâcle.*"

While the Academy is thus adding to its membership young or comparatively young men, its older members pursue even to the most advanced age their literary labours. The Duke de Broglie, who will soon be eighty, has just completed in the *Correspondant*, the favourite periodical of the liberal Catholics, an important series of articles on Voltaire, not very eulogistic, of course, which is soon to be reissued in book-form; and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he has given to a larger public a masterly paper on his predecessor in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Victor Duruy. But he is almost put to shame by the *doyen* of the Academy, the venerable Ernest Legouvé, whose last book, *Dernier Travail, Derniers Souvenirs*, which is a reproduction of his lectures before the young ladies in the École Normale de Sèvres, was published a few weeks after its author completed his ninety-first year.

In the *Revues* I find still a few things to mention; first, a very keen article by Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the title of which is *Après le Procès*. I suppose I need not tell you what trial is here mentioned. Brunetière takes very high ground against Zola, and very searchingly analyses some of the causes of the anti-Semitic feeling which has come to the surface in France since the Dreyfus trial. The same number (March 15th) contains an interesting literary article on the poet André Chénier; no signature to the article, except three stars. It is not difficult, though, to discover that the three stars represent the signature of the editor of the *Revue* himself. Why did he not sign this article as well as the article on Zola? Simply in order clearly to show that René Doumic remains the literary critic of the *Revue*, and that he, Brunetière, is simply now acting, or writing, as a substitute during his younger associate's American trip.

In the *Revue de Paris* I wish to call attention to the first instalment of Léon Daudet's souvenirs of his father. They are mainly of a sentimental nature, as was to be expected such a short time after Daudet's death. The same periodical publishes a series of translations from Gabriele d'Annunzio's poems. The translator gives his name as Jean Dornis. In reality Jean Dornis is a woman of Italian birth, Madame Guillaume Beer, who has just published under the same name a very interesting volume on *La Poésie Italienne Contemporaine*.

Paris cannot be without Italians now, it seems, in spite of the *Triplice*, or rather the Italians cannot keep away from Paris. D'Annunzio is gone, but he was soon succeeded by Antonio Fogazzari, the author of *Daniele Cortis* and *Piccolo Mondo Antico*. He has been received even more cordially than his younger rival, and has given, in French, a very interesting lecture on *Le Grand Poète de l'Avenir*. He did not say who this great poet is, but he stated what he must be. He is awaiting his coming with absolute faith.

Is Edmond Rostand that poet? Who knows? It has just been discovered that poetical talent comes to him by heredity; his father, Eugène Rostand, who is well known as a writer on subjects of social reform, is also the author of a charming volume of verse. As for the son, he has just been offered, and he improved it, a very touching occasion to show that there was a good deal of poetry left in him, even after the lavish expenditure caused to him by the composition of his *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The authorities of his old college, the Collège Stanislas, invited him to a special matinée of his play, given for the boys of the college. After the close of the play he was addressed, in verse of course, by one of his teachers, and he replied in the same idiom. His poem is full of charm, of wholesome tenderness and encouragement and wit. You will appreciate the following stanza when you know that it was addressed to boys whose ages range from nine to eighteen:

"Et c'est pourquoi je vous demande du panache!
Cambrez-vous, poitrinez, marchez, marquez le pas;
Tout ce que vous pensez, soyez fiers qu'on le sache,
Et retroussez votre moustache,
Même si vous n'en avez pas."

The month has not been very prolific, either from a dramatic or literary standpoint. The only dramatic event that had any literary significance was the performance at the Odéon of *Don Juan*

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de Manara, by Edmond Harancourt. Harancourt is a poet; his best work thus far has been his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. It will remain his best work even after the performance of his *Don Juan*. There are beautiful lines in the play, though, and some beautiful situations, too. His Don Juan is somewhat different from the traditional seducers. He experiences real love, and carries in his heart remorse for his misdeeds. At the end of the play he enters a convent. The play is very interesting reading, but it is not likely to occupy the stage very long.

The indefatigable Gyp gives us another book this month, but it does not bear the imprint of her usual publisher, and no wonder. Her usual publisher is Calman Lévy, and her last book, *Israël*, is a story of merciless conversations of a decidedly anti-Semitic flavour. Of course Lévy likes the element described in the book just as little as Gyp herself, but he considered it wiser to let some *confrère* shoulder whatever responsibility belongs to the publisher in such a case, and the book was published by Flammarion.

Another echo of the Affaire Dreyfus, the publication by John Grand-Carteret of a very curious volume, *L'Affaire Dreyfus par l'Image*, which consists of a reproduction of no less than two hundred and sixty-six cartoons relating to that celebrated case.

In pure literature all I see worth mentioning is a new volume of dramatic criticism by Émile Faguet, *Drame Ancien, Drame Moderne*. It is a reproduction of some of his articles in the *Journal des Débats*.

We are to have in a few months a new book by Loti. The book is not yet begun though, for the celebrated writer is just planning a new trip to Asia, just where he does not quite know, perhaps Afghanistan, perhaps India. But one thing is sure, he will write his impressions and publish them.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, April 2, 1898.

THE CLOSED WAY.

Dear, I have dreamed—but the night is done,
Look where the shadows flee;
A gleaming fabric the dawn has spun—
Open thy heart for me!
The love-light shines in thy glorious eyes
As if they knew my plea;
Ah, Love, let me enter that Paradise—
Open thy heart for me!

Dear, it is Spring, and love is all.
Behold, on bended knee
I pray, as the mating robins call,
Open thy soul for me!
Let my pleading go not astray,
Through life I will follow thee;
Yea, and more—ah, Love, it is May—
Open thy soul for me!

* * * * * *

Dear, it is night, and grieving, I wait
For you, wherever you be;
Love is not all—its Master is Fate—
Open your grave for me.
The love-light shines in your eyes no more
Down under the cypress-tree;
I will wait—O Love, but my heart is sore—
Open your grave for me!

Myrtle Reed.

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NEW BOOKS.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS FOES.*

A man who believed in himself, fought hard, and died in the harness, Henry George compels the respect even of his *ex-officio* enemies, the college professors. In his lifetime he attacked these gentry again and again. Sometimes they retaliated by ripping up his doctrines in their class-room lectures. Sometimes, as in the case of the late Francis A. Walker, they rejoined in print, bringing on a controversy from which neither party emerged with entire dignity, for in science as well as in theology polemics are apt to bespatter and ruffle the feathers of the combatants. And while these wordy conflicts were going on, the on-looker could not help wondering why the contestants took so little pains to understand each other, and why they struck so many hard blows in the air. Yet it is a thing to be thankful for that disputants do not understand each other, for otherwise they would not dispute, and this world would be a less amusing place for the rest of us. George's controversies—and he was never long out of one—have given an emotional interest to topics usually regarded as dry. They have made many a lively page of reading amid what he would call the arid waste of current economic discussion, for according to him almost all economic discussion has been an arid waste for a hundred years. They have made the authorities look to their halos and the worshippers to their hallelujahs—both excellent results, for which all praise to him, whatever be our economic faith.

To be sure, he was not always quite polite in his moments of imagined victory. He was rather apt to stand on his enemy's head and chuckle over the completeness of the overthrow. But this is pardonable in view of the early days when he was merely a dangerous agitator, not to be reasoned with, but only stormed at—in the days when the good and the wise threw stones and called names. He has dealt with his adversaries unfairly, but how unfairly have they dealt with him! Each side has condemned the other for the wrong reasons, has neglected the essentials and refuted the irrelevant, and has taken that high triumphant tone of superior logic with which the polemist is wont to reassure himself and exasperate his antagonist. Mark how his argument crumbles to pieces at a touch! See how a plain tale puts him down! These little swaggering accompaniments have their uses, if the way to obtain success is to claim it.

In his long battle with the recognised teachers of "what is reputed to be political economy," Henry George has been far more persistent and uncompromising than they. He accepts nothing of theirs, while they accept some things of his. For instance, he was among the first to point out that wages came from products, not from capital—a theory now generally accepted. If he read their works, he must have done so with a determination not to be convinced. This was natural in view of his success. He took himself seriously in the manner of reformers, and his numerous converts encouraged him in the belief that he was one of the prophets. As his cause gained strength and became a factor in practical politics, partisanship was intensified. The economists were said to have obscured economic laws partly from native stupidity, partly because they were allied by self-interest with the rich. It was a waste of time to read them, and, in fact, economic training in general was a waste of time, for the laws of the science were simple, and Henry George knew all about them. His theory offered a remedy for the evils of our industrial system, and if that theory were not accepted, it was because the recusant did not want them remedied. The economists regarded him as a fanatic; and he retorted that they were either dishonest or the unconscious dupes of the money power.

Minor reformers such as he do not believe in the intellectual conscience. If a man does not think as they do they grind out motives for him. They confound a bad heart with a good head. They demand a sweeping redress of wrongs and that at once. They cannot understand why any one should hesitate about the means when the wrongs are so cruel, so obvious. The line is as

* The Science of Political Economy. By Henry George. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. $2.50.

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sharply drawn between the emotional and the critical man, and the impossibility of mutual understanding is as absolute as between men and women. The controversy is eternal. In its essence it is absurd, for the difference lies in the facts of temperament, not in the processes of logic.

In Mr. George's last work, *The Science of Political Economy*, his aggressiveness is increased by the success of his earlier book. In *Progress and Poverty*, he says, he recast political economy in the points which most needed recasting. In the present work he has aimed to reconstruct the entire science. The need of it, he found, was great, for the best known teachers of political economy were afraid to tell the truth, lest it should be dangerous to the wealthy classes. Whatever be the cause of the injustice in the present distribution of wealth, "colleges and universities as at present constituted are by the very law of their being precluded from discovering or revealing it." Economists since Adam Smith's time have added nothing to knowledge, but have merely confused what was known before. This book is intended not merely as a corrective of some things which they have written, but as a substitute for everything which they have written. Ricardo, Mill, Senior, Say, Roscher, Wagner, Marshall, etc., all must go. As to the hirelings who occupy chairs of political economy in the capitalistic colleges and universities of to-day, their wickedness or dulness figures on almost every page. Such is his attitude throughout the book. It is ill suited to his purpose, for it needlessly arouses antagonism. It would be pleasanter to hear those things from his followers than from himself, and so many of his followers are ready to say them, that he might have spared his modesty without danger to his cause. This, of course, has nothing to do with the merits of his claims. It is criticism merely from the lay point of view; but the book is designed to convert laymen to the Single Tax and other doctrines of the author, and it is worth while to inquire whether that object would not be more surely gained by a more moderate tone. There is a demand for modesty even in the very great, and the egotism of an author is apt to make one forget the merits of his cause. Nor is it wise of the present author to allow his pride over the fact that the "forecastle and the press-room" were his *alma mater*, and that he escaped a university training to betray him into intolerance toward those who through no fault of their own have passed through a college course. He should have had all the more respect for those whose virtues survived the evil influences of higher education and made them Single Taxers in the end.

Bearing in mind that Mr. George claims to have derived nothing from the writings of the nineteenth-century economists, we are surprised to find many points of agreement between him and them. In the first part of the book he outlines his views on the relation of man to the universe, the meaning of civilisation, the growth of knowledge, and the laws of nature. Here he owes nothing to the economists, for he discusses matters which are not usually included in economic treatises; for instance, Paley's argument from design and the nature of a final cause. On this latter point the following passage illustrates the somewhat elementary character of this part of the work. He is speaking of the use of the terms "ultimate cause" and "final cause" to express the same idea.

> "This use of seemingly opposite names for the same thing may at first puzzle others as at first it puzzled me. But it is explained when we remember that what is first and what last in a chain of series depends upon which end we start from. Thus when we proceed from cause to effect, the beginning cause comes first, and is styled the 'primary cause.' But when we start from effect to seek cause, as is usually the case—for we can know cause as cause only when it lies in our own consciousness—the cause nearest the result comes first, and we call it 'proximate cause;' and what we apprehend as the beginning cause is found last, and we call it the 'ultimate' or 'efficient' cause." . . .

Then follow several chapters which are more properly a preparation for the study of political economy. Among the truths which he declares as if for the first time is the principle that men always seek to satisfy their desires with the least exertion. "The failure clearly to apprehend this as the fundamental law of political economy has led to very serious and widespread mistakes as to the nature of the science." Yet for years the "scholastic economists," as he calls them, have dwelt on this so insistently that it has become a tiresome commonplace. Again, the most minute

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philosopher could not detect any difference between his view of the relation between the inductive and deductive methods in economic science and that set forth in fifty elementary text-books, nor between his explanation of natural law in distribution and that given by recent writers. Yet here as always the combative tone of the propagandist. On the relation of land to the other factors of production he differs of course, for this is the starting-point of his single-tax philosophy, but nothing is here added to what has been given in *Progress and Poverty*.

No subject in political economy has been more tortured than that of value, and Mr. George has good reason to complain of the incoherency of many recent writers on this point. It is disappointing that his own explanation not only does not explain, but adds one of the mistiest chapters to be found in the whole literature of the subject.

Much the same sort of disappointment accompanies the study of all Mr. George's works. He leads one to expect more than it is in his power to give. It is true that political economy suffers from the lack of unanimity among its teachers. It is true that a student can find "no consistent body of doctrine that he may safely accept." There is no doubt that it might be more clearly expounded than it is. And when Mr. George, pointing to these facts, says he will clear away the rubbish and substitute a simple and consistent body of doctrine, he offers a very agreeable prospect to the student; but it remains only a prospect. There is neither simplicity nor consistency in his own explanation of economic laws. As a reconstructor of political economy he failed completely, although he may have "recast it" in some points. What he did was merely to found a political party, and this fact only emphasises the more his failure as an economist; for the man who shall really reconstruct economic science will not found a political party in his own lifetime. He will be a very lonely man. The mere number of believers offers no proof of the soundness of an economic doctrine. The truth of a theory of value will never be settled by a majority vote. It is a mathematical axiom that where the greatest number of persons are gathered together, there also are to be found the greatest number of fools.

But is the complexity of the accepted political economy inherent in the science itself, or due, as Mr. George has said, to the dulness or wickedness of its professors? The view that all the recognised authorities in the nineteenth century have been the dupes or slaves of capital is not to be taken seriously. As to their dulness, De Quincey said long ago that he could brew their fungus heads to powder in a mortar with a lady's fan; and much that has been written since reads like mere diaries of the authors' perplexities. But it is doubtful if an economic treatise can ever be really popular. Adam Smith's was not, nor was John Stuart Mill's. The difficulty of understanding some of the laws and concepts of the science is apparent from Mr. George's own books. But that much of what is now written is needlessly involved and shows indifference to the human bearings of the subject is equally clear. A genius would find a way to carry the truth further and let it lose nothing in the telling.

And in some points Mr. George has the advantage of his more sober and scholarly opponents. His enthusiasm is delightful; his writings are full of vigour and of human sympathy. There is no doubt that his whole heart was in what he wrote and said. And these things make his occasional slips in the matter of correct English and good taste seem too trifling to mention. One forgives even his naïve joy over his supposed discovery of all economic truths.

Frank Moore Colby.

THE MEANING OF EDUCATION.*

Persons possessed with one dominant idea are singularly uninteresting nowadays. Perhaps their prepossessions do not mount to the level of belief, the conditions of which are, if I remember aright, that one must "leave oneself by or with a person or thing" until conduct is saturated with a new influence. Propagandists take pains not to be seriously mad. Otherwise M. Brunetière, who idealises military authority to the exclu-

* The Meaning of Education. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

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sion of circumstantial evidence, would find his views of literature, no less than of politics and religion, so warped as to be deficient in individuality and insight, and Brother Azarias would have made even more mistakes than he did in estimating Emerson. Again, to cite an illustration with which readers of THE BOOKMAN are already familiar, one might reasonably suppose that a spelling reformer, who for purposes of utility reduced to their bare bones so many well clothed and cushioned words of respectable pedigree, would himself make shift to get along, at the very least, without a pair of cuffs; and that the pædagogical crank, leaning heavily upon Herbart, would inject endless "flub-dub" into the simplicities of every-day life, and be unrecognisable by his children. But none of these things occur.

The upshot of this long-winded exordium is that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who maintains that the teacher acquiring knowledge of his "art" from experience has no closer relation to education than a motorman has to the science of electricity, who asserts that the pure empiricist never can *have* any genuine experience, who earnestly commends to every pædagogue the study of these two principles, Apperception and Interest, convinced that if for them a hearing can be secured "all this will be changed," has published a half dozen sensible, practical, and exceedingly broad essays, which reveal only here and there, in an occasional air-tight compartment, as it were, that he is inoculated with a dominant idea. Indeed, if he did not, in so many words, specify his love for "interest" and "apperception," and vent his spleen against those who do not on an imaginary teacher of inaccurate speech, whom on that account he would remove from her position, and exhibit a slight impatience with the United States Senate and the present methods of municipal government, and, last but not least, evince a certain fine carelessness in referring marginally to *Literature and Dogma* and *Phases of Thought and Criticism* without the amenity of capitals, I should never know that he was more of a theorist than Matthew Arnold himself. No doubt Dr. Butler's equilibrium is largely due to his admirable candour in conceding, at the outset, that scientific educational formulæ are at best only working hypotheses, with no pretence to exactness.

Viewing the book as a whole, it is surprising and gratifying to see how closely his observations and recommendations agree with the mental results attainable by the empiricist, although Dr. Butler would probably never admit that anything so stimulating could just crystallise in the laboratory of adjustment to human nature, or appear in any guise but that of clouds of glory trailing in the wake of a big idea. Happily the New World never tires of big ideas, however familiar, provided they are spoken by big men. In reading such a book, the public are even more eager to say, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think," than what Mr. Ruskin contended the right feeling would prompt them to say, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before."

Believing that each generation is the trustee of civilisation, Dr. Butler states that the child, after he has come to the enjoyment of his physical inheritance, is entitled to receive his scientific, his literary, his æsthetic, and his religious inheritance. In other words, he should be permitted to love and understand nature, books, and art, and in the family and church rather than in the school be taught to revere spiritual realities. That is what education means. On the last analysis it is "spiritual growth toward intellectual and moral perfection." Again, there are three avenues of approach to the study of education—the physiological, the psychological, and the sociological. The first involves a discussion of school hours and recesses, of programmes and tasks, of school furniture, of text-books and blackboards, of light, heat, and fresh air, no less than the question of athletics. The second requires that no class should be treated *en bloc*, forbids the doing of difficult and distasteful things simply because they are difficult and distasteful, and gives an ethical underpinning to instruction in civil government, the inculcation of patriotism, and "the flag upon the schoolhouse." The sociological aspect of education, with each study, raises the question, "Does it lead to a knowledge of our contemporary civilisation?" Subjected to such a test, it is intimated that the subjects of production and exchange, monetary policy and taxation, demand as serious attention from the

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college undergraduate as Greek and the higher mathematics. In the interest of an increased college attendance, and the principle of gradual educational development which informs all his utterances, Dr. Butler advocates a more easy and natural transition from the secondary school to the college. The formal tests at entrance should be reduced to a minimum, and the superstition forever banished that "a great gulf" is fixed between successive years of youthful progress.

As to the functions and reform of secondary schools, Dr. Butler submits that the school day should never be less than five full hours; that vacations are now unduly long, and not sufficiently distributed through the year; that no more than five "book" subjects should be carried on at once; that English deserves a leading place, and "compositions" should be written at least once a week; that no two languages should be begun at the same time, and that one foreign language should be essayed at about the age of eleven and studied continuously for several years, French especially deserving attention "before the pupil has acquired very fixed notions of grammatical and rhetorical canons." Dr. Butler curiously ascribes the woeful neglect of the mother tongue, which has prevailed in the past, to the great preponderance of classical instruction. Although the Committee of Ten mournfully admitted that the improvements they had suggested, which in many respects coincide with Dr. Butler's, could not be realised without improvement in the training of teachers, Dr. Butler avers that the facilities for educating teachers far surpass those of a decade ago, and pays a warm tribute to the normal schools. His rejoinder to Professor von Holst, who likened the American college to the German *Gymnasium*, is also tinged with optimism, though he seems to me to dodge the point at issue in postulating that *Lehrfreiheit*, *Lernfreiheit*, and the pursuit of science for its own sake are merely "recognised" in American universities.

No one is going to quarrel with these results. Perhaps if Dr. Butler would explain his processes of thought more fully, the average teacher would see how like a keystone to the arch is his German formalism. I fancy, however, that even if he could make out a perfectly clear case for himself, the majority of teachers would shrink from lumbering up their own minds with any more pædagogical theory than they could comfortably assimilate, claiming with exasperating pertinacity that the American solvent, common sense, reinforced with an intimate and enthusiastic acquaintance with human nature and the subjects taught, is good enough for them. And, bless their souls! they are not far wrong; for psychology, like literature, can enter into the fibre of comparatively few minds. The greatest novels are, of course, true to the laws of psychology, and yet one has only to mention the psychological novel, with which no technical treatise on education or mental philosophy can for a single moment compare in interest or profit, to discover that the majority of people look outward rather than inward and prefer things. One might as well expect experimental psychology to be generally appreciated by teachers as the psychology of buying and selling by tradesmen. The American teacher, like the American boy, is a special case, and must be approached in a very practical way.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE GLOBE EDITION OF CHAUCER.*

The preface to the Globe edition of Chaucer gives some interesting history of the way in which the edition began, of many eminent scholars who were called upon to take part in it, and of the influences that have led, on the one hand, to Mr. Skeat's great work, the Oxford edition of Chaucer, and, on the other, to this present book. The story is not without dignity; it touches upon the life of Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the great scholar, who was so ready to help in the work of others, and completed so little of his own; and it has a special and personal interest in its dedication, as a tribute from younger men to the indomitable courage of Dr. Furnivall, the pioneer who says "ley hond to, every man," and who has shown the way into so many uncleared and profitable countries, and taken his mariners into many a pleasant haven.

* The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

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The editors, with Mr. Pollard as their foreman, pay their respects also to the Oxford Chaucer, the elder half-brother of the Globe edition, and salute the work of Mr. Skeat with the honour it deserves, and with some apology for their rivalry with his *Student's Chaucer*. As to that, there is no reason for anxiety; the two books bring out the merits of one another, and those who read Chaucer will find themselves happy in the possession of both. It is natural to compare the two books. The Globe edition has the advantage of larger type, which, however, is somewhat impaired by the use of points to mark the *e*'s that are to be sounded, in the verse; these dots are irritating. Apart from that, the Globe page is neat enough; the lines are generally well fitted in their columns, and the headings are lighter than in the somewhat top-heavy Oxford pages, especially in the *Canterbury Tales*, where the Oxford edition has given undue emphasis to the A's and B's that mark the "Groups" of the *Tales*. The Globe edition gives notes at the foot of the page, both critical and explanatory; the principle on which they are given is not always clear, but though they are not numerous, it is surprising how many real difficulties they clear away. Mr. Skeat gives no commentary in his *Student's* edition, except some notes on readings at the end of the book, and such explanations as there is room for in his Glossary.

The Globe edition is based on an independent examination of the texts, and it is in this that its merit chiefly lies. Probably the most interesting parts of the work, for critics of the text, will be found to be Mr. McCormick's *Troilus and Criseyde*, and Mr. Liddell's *Romaunt of the Rose*. In *Troilus and Criseyde* the editor has a plausible theory of the relations of the manuscripts, and he has been able to bring out some valuable results from a fresh comparison of these with the Italian poem which Chaucer had before him. In the *Romaunt of the Rose* a number of certain emendations have been introduced by means of the French original.

The introductions by the different editors are not all on the same plan, but they are alike in being succinct and full of matter. Mr. Pollard contributes the general Introduction, including a life of Chaucer, much the same as that in his admirable little book, the *Chaucer Primer*. Mr. Pollard agrees with Mr. Skeat in thinking that there is nothing to be added to the praise of Chaucer; it is perhaps to be regretted that in his self-restraint and avoidance of rhetoric he has permitted himself too much of that form of Truth which, according to the Philosopher, is a vice. "*The Legend of Good Women* was perforce abandoned because of its deadly and inevitable monotony," says Mr. Pollard. Even if this were correct (which is uncertain) this was not the place to say it, because there are many innocent people who have never discovered the monotony of that *Legend*. Monotony, if you please; but why deadly? And why inevitable? The stories, it is true, are all of the same kind, stories of false lovers such as Theseus and Jason ("a twenty devel way the wynde hem dryve!"), but Chaucer could get over the monotony of that. Read his battle of Actium (in the *Legend of Cleopatra, Queen and Martyr*), the great sea-piece, with the ships yard-arm to yard-arm, the great stones crashing down from the tops, the peas scattered on the hatches, the pots full of lime (cf. *Shannon* v. *Chesapeake*):

> "Up goth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
> And paynen hem to sette on with the sonne."

While in less extravagant ways there were many other modes of escape from monotony open to Chaucer—invention of rhythms, incidental touches, as in the wedding of Tereus:

> "The owle al nyght aboute the balkes wond,"

or the pathetic simplicity of the end of Pyramus:

> "And thus ar Tisbe and Piramus ago.
> Of trewe men I finde but fewe mo
> In alle my bokes, save this Piramus."

If Mr. Pollard's work were less excellent there would be no need to raise a debate on this point, but, as it is, it is perplexing to come upon this exaggerated phrase in the middle of so much sound and temperate exposition.

Mr. Liddell's appreciation of the *Romaunt of the Rose* will perhaps be thought by some to err on the other side, but it is attractive criticism, and encouraging to young pilgrims.

The Globe edition is published under good augury; it is certain of a long career. It seems probable that the text

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will be published in a different size, in a set of volumes; will the editors listen to a humble petition: reconsider those dotted *e*'s and give us Chaucer unpointed?

W. P. Ker.

MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Zangwill's Jewish work has widened in scope since the days when he treated with kindly irony the follies of the community from week to week in a newspaper now defunct. His first artistic presentment of Jewish life was in the *Ghetto Tragedies*, in which he illuminated as by lightning flashes the deeper aspects of the sordid life of the Ghetto. The *Tragedies* were written before, though they were published after, *The Children of the Ghetto*, which absolutely made Mr. Zangwill's reputation as a masterly delineator of a certain *couche sociale*. He attempted to do in that book what George Eliot had tried to do in *Middlemarch*, describe a whole section of society through the art form of fiction. In his present work he aspires to these higher flights, and has attempted in a series of *contes* to display the inmost feeling of a whole race, of a whole creed.

In one sense there can be no doubt of the success of his very ambitious scheme. With marvellous industry and with no small amount of erudition he has packed together into the scenes dealing with the Uriela Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, Spinoza, the Baal Shem, Maimon, Heine, Lassalle, and Beaconsfield, just those incidents and sayings of their careers which bring out most clearly their Jewish aspects. Those who are familiar with Heine will recognise the ingenuity with which Mr. Zangwill has woven into the monologue attributed to him almost all the characteristic things he said about Judaism and about his own relations to it. So, too, in the account of Spinoza, almost all the incidents of his career are brought into the picture, though it must be owned few of them in relation to his ancestral creed. Somewhat the same might be said of the description of Lassalle, where Mr. Zangwill has been obliged to put himself in competition with Mr. Meredith. Perhaps the most perfect of these studies is that contained in the three or four pages devoted to Lord Beaconsfield. Never before, so far as I am aware, have the secret springs of that curious personality been so suggestively laid bare. The detachment from English life which gave him so much leverage, the mixture of reticence and display, are all traced back to the Jewish element.

Mr. Zangwill has been equally successful with the other remarkable Jews of the past, with whose names the world is less familiar. The meteoric career of Sabbatai Zevi, who was accepted by the Jews as their Messiah as late as 1666, has never yet been adequately presented in art form, and would have deserved even fuller treatment than that given to it in this book. The almost equally remarkable personality of Baal Shem will come perhaps as even a greater surprise to the outside world, who little know the depths of mysticism which exist among a people generally credited with excessive adherence to practical aims. His followers still exist in large numbers in Poland and Galicia, and form in modern Judaism a sect which may perhaps best be described as a combination of the Quakers and the Shakers.

Now, these historic Dreamers of the Ghetto are possibly only introduced in order to serve as *pièces justificatifs* to prove the existence of the Ghetto Dream, which occurs in so many various forms. Remarkable movements for the recovery of the Holy Land as a national centre for Jews led last summer to the meeting of a congress at Basle, attended by representatives from all the Jewries of Europe. Mr. Zangwill has here a vivid account of these Dreamers in congress, and shows at the same time that he is not unaware of the practical difficulties and inconsistencies involved in the underlying suggestions. Indeed, it appears to have been Mr. Zangwill's plan to hint at the unreal nature of Israel's Dream in all its forms. The last sentence of his Preface runs, "This book is the story of a Dream that has not come true." The same idea is vividly expressed in the penultimate chapter of the book, which, to a Jew at least, comes home with the greatest force of all. This imagines another Jew endowed with all the culture of his time returning after many years to the ancestral home in the Venetian Ghetto on the night of Passover, when, according to immemorial custom, the family gather

* The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50

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together. While the paterfamilias is going through an old Volkslied, which winds up the service, his prodigal son goes through the course of his spiritual history up to the moment when he recognises that all ideals—national, religious, and individual—are illusions, and he glides out to drown himself in the canal. Having given up the riddle of life, he gives up life itself. Mr. Zangwill here puts in the most picturesque form the problem that meets all moderns—the worth of the individual life, which is complicated in the case of the Jewish individual by further doubts as to the worth of the communal life of which he forms part. Yet this counsel of despair is characteristically followed by an epilogue in which a modern scribe in Jerusalem looks forward to the time when a new expression shall be given to the religious life which shall recognise the modern spirit and the ancient ideals, and the book concludes with a remarkable hymn to the Yahweh, giving expression to all his new ideals. Yes, Mr. Zangwill is himself a Dreamer of the Ghetto.

Whether the particular form in which Mr. Zangwill presents his own and other Jews' dreams is that most suitable for bringing them home to the outside world, it is difficult for one who views them from the inside to judge. As is usual with him, he puts so much into each of his sections that it is doubtful whether the resultant impression can be a clear one. It is somewhat difficult even from the inside to gather the exact nature of the Dream which occurs in so many forms throughout the book. Is it the reconciliation of God and Man through the Jew? Then one does not quite see what Lassalle and Beaconsfield, not to mention Spinoza and Heine, are doing in this particular galley. Is it the triumph of Jewish ideals in general that is the Dream? Then, again, the persons of Spinoza and Lassalle have to be accounted for. But it is perhaps the many-sidedness of the Dream that Mr. Zangwill desires to bring out, that many-sidedness which makes the figure of the Jew so enigmatic yet so interesting, whether by way of attraction or repulsion. At any rate, Mr. Zangwill has sufficiently indicated the existence of ideals in the modern Jewry, and that by itself is a novel idea enough to the outer world to justify the existence of his book. The financier, the sweater, and the pedlar do not exhaust the possibilities of the Ghetto; it has always included its dreamers as well.

Joseph Jacobs.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

Arthur Hallam distinguishes in the opening of his essay on Tennyson between what he calls "the æsthetic school of poetry," founded by Keats and Shelley, and the various popular schools. "The æsthetic school" is, he says, the work of men whose fine organs" have "trembled with emotion, at colours and sounds and movements unperceived by duller temperaments," "a poetry of sensation rather than of reflection," "a sort of magic producing a number of impressions too multiplied, too minute, and too diversified to allow of our tracing them to their causes, because just such was the effect, even so boundless and so bewildering, produced on their imaginations by the real appearance of nature." Because this school demands the most close attention from readers whose organs are less fine, it will always, he says, be unpopular compared to the schools that "mix up" with poetry all manner of anecdotes and opinions and moral maxims. This little known and profound essay defines more perfectly than any other criticism in English the issues in that war of schools which is troubling all the arts, and gradually teaching us to rank such "reflections" of the mind as rhetorical and didactic verse, painted anecdotes, pictures "complicated with ideas" that are not pictorial ideas, below poetry and painting that mirror the "multiplied" and "minute" and "diversified" "sensation" of the body and the soul. Mr. Johnson, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, has sometimes written in the manner of the "popular schools," and "mixed up" with poetry religious and political opinions, and though such poetry has its uses everywhere, and in Ireland, for which Mr. Johnson has written many verses, and where opinion is still unformed, its great uses, one must leave it out when one measures the poetical importance of his poetry. I find poetry that is "a sort of magic," in

* Ireland, with Other Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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Poems, published in 1895, and in the present book, *Ireland*, and the most unpopular "sort of magic," for it mirrors a temperament so cold, so austere, so indifferent to our pains and pleasures, so wrapped up in one lonely and monotonous mood that one comes from it wearied and exalted, as though one had posed for some noble action, in a strange *tableau vivant*, that casts its painful stillness upon the mind instead of upon the body. Had I not got Mr. Johnson's first book when I was far from books, I might have laid it down scarcely begun, I found the beginning so hard, and have lost much high pleasure, many fine exaltations; and though I have kept his new book as long as I could before reviewing it, I do not know if I admire the first book more merely because I have had longer to make its sensations my own sensations. In a poem that changes a didactic opinion to a sensation of the soul, Mr. Johnson sings the ideal of his imagination and his verse.

"White clouds embrace the dewy fields
Storms lingering mist and breath:
And hottest heavens to hot earth yield
Drops from the fire of death.

"*Come!* sigh the shrouding airs of earth:
Be with the burning night;
Learn what her heart of flame is worth,
And eyes of glowing light.

"I come not. Off, odorous airs!
Rose-scented winds, away!
Let passion garnish her wild lairs,
Hold her fierce holiday.

"I will not feel her dreamy toils
Glide over heart and eyes:
My thought shall never be her spoils,
Nor grow sad memories.

"Mine be all proud and lonely scorn,
Keeping the crystal law
And pure air of the eternal morn:
And passion, but of awe."

Poetry written out of this ideal can never be easy to read, and Mr. Johnson never forgets his ideal. He utters the sensations of souls too ascetic with a Christian asceticism to know strong passions, violent sensations, too stoical with a pagan stoicism to wholly lose themselves in any Christian ecstasy. He has made for himself a twilight world where all the colours are like the colours in the rainbow, that is cast by the moon, and all the people as far from modern tumults as the people upon fading and dropping tapestries. His delight is in "the courtesy of saints," "the courtesy of knights," "the courtesy of love," in "saints in golden vesture," in the "murmuring" of "holy Latin immemorial," in "black armour, falling lace, and altar lights at dawn," in "rosaries blanched in Alban air," in all "memorial melancholy" things. He is the poet of those peaceful, unhappy souls who, in the symbolism of a living Irish visionary, are compelled to inhabit when they die a shadowy island paradise in the West, where the moon always shines, and a mist is always on the face of the moon, and a music of many sighs always in the air, because they renounced the joy of the world without accepting the joy of God.

The poems, which are not pure poetry according to Arthur Hallam's definition, will, I think, have their uses in Catholic anthologies, and in those Irish paper-covered books of more or less political poetry which are the only imaginative reading of so many young men in Ireland. "Parnell," "Ways of War," "Ireland's Dead," "The Red Wind," "Ireland," "Christmas and Ireland," "Ninety-Eight," "To the Dead of '98," and "Right and Might," even when they are not, as they are sometimes, sensations of the body and the soul, will become part of the ritual of that revolt of Celtic Ireland which is, according to one's point of view, the Celt's futile revolt against the despotism of fact or his necessary revolt against a political and moral materialism. The very ignorance of literature, among their Irish readers, will make the formal nobility of their style seem the more impressive, the more miraculous.

W. B. Yeats.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

In the House of Literary History there are many mansions, and though some of them may be more imposing and grandiose, few are so pleasant to dwell in, so well furnished for the needs of civil life, so full of light and colour and perfume and all manner of gracious decoration, as that which we enter under the escort of Mr. Gosse. His new book is a kind of Farnesina among

* Modern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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histories of Modern English Literature. Immense knowledge is obvious on every page; but it is so deftly wrought, and with so persistent a sense of artistic values, that it escapes that air of vassalage to the bare fact which the hand-book of literature, particularly when it covers a vast period, so hardly avoids. Mr. Gosse, however, has been his own editor, and his book may be taken to reflect his own idiosyncrasies and tastes without the intrusion of any alien ideal. He has been free to tell the story of Modern English Literature in his own way, emphasising the elements that appealed to him, passing lightly by what he cared less for. Thus, notwithstanding the enormous field covered, he has been able to give fairly untrammelled scope to the two kindred gifts which form, perhaps, his most signal endowment as a literary historian—the æsthetic and the historic appreciation of style. Personal portraiture, biography, characterisation, are necessarily slight; but hardly any writer is dismissed without the passing gift of an epigram or an epithet which stamps his quality with more or less of curious precision or piquant suggestiveness.

Sometimes the delicate organ of the literary gourmet is more perceptible in these dicta; at other times rather the comparative and discriminating instinct of a scholar who is at home in the highways and the byways of three centuries, and alert to trace the echoes and reverberations, the stubborn persistencies and recalcitrances of old taste. This, for instance, taken from a striking criticism on Swift, is excellent in both kinds:

"That such a tract as the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*, with its gusts of irony, its white heat of preposterous moderation, led on toward Junius, is obvious; but Swift is really the creator of the whole school of eighteenth-century rhetorical diatribe on its better side, whenever it is not leaden and conventional. It may be said that he invented a vital polemical system, which was used throughout the remainder of the century by every one who dealt in that kind of literature, and who was at the same time strong enough to wield such thunderbolts."

Interesting, in a different domain, is the paragraph which traces the connection of the sudden outburst of Elizabethan lyric faculty with the rise of the lute-melodies of Tallis, Bird, and Dowland.

"It was necessary to find words for these airs, and the poems so employed were obliged to be lucid, liquid, brief, and of a temper suited to the gaiety and sadness of the instrument. The demand created the supply, and from having been heavy and dissonant to a painful degree, English lyrics suddenly took a perfect art and sweetness. . . . The trick of this light and brilliant sensuous verse once learned, it took forms the most various and the most delightful. In the hands of the best poets it rapidly developed from an extreme naïveté and artless jigging to the fullest splendour of song. . . . But the old simplicity remained awhile side by side with this gorgeous and sonorous art, and to the combination we owe the songs of Shakespeare and Campion, the delicate mysteries of 'England's Helicon,' the marvellous short flights of verbal melody that star the music books down to 1615 and even later. But then the flowers of English lyric began to wither, and the jewels took their place; a harder, less lucid, less spontaneous method of song-writing succeeded."

The evolution of the lyric of Elizabeth or James could hardly be presented with more precision or effect in so few words. The last sentence is a specimen of those trenchant, picturesque images which one instinctively shrinks from applying to the subtle distinctions of poetry and art, but which in Mr. Gosse's hands are often, as here, really luminous and informing.

The gist of the book lies, naturally, in the chapters from Elizabeth onward. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Mr. Gosse is a past master; and his delineation of the changing phases of literary forms shows a technical accomplishment which tempts us at times to wish for a less hasty dismissal of the intellectual matter of literature. If Berkeley's philosophy, for instance, was to be referred to at all, it was hardly needful to deliver him over into the hands of the Philistine by substituting for his *esse est percipi* the formula "that nothing is but only seems to be." When we come to the nineteenth century, however, the method of the book seems to grow larger; a greater compass of intellectual interest is admitted, and Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding exceptions justly enough taken to his style, is favoured with a surprisingly copious exposition of his speculative principles, which are evidently congenial to Mr. Gosse himself. We do not touch upon these apparent discrepancies of method for any other purpose than to suggest that the same many-sided appreciation of life in literature, which is so difficult to avoid when dealing with the literature of our own time, informed and penetrated as it is with

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reflections of the thoughts we live by, is equally a part of the task of the historian of the literature of the past. An interesting epilogue throws some light on the emphasis given to Mr. Spencer. In admirably chosen phrases Mr. Gosse does battle with the "individualist" critics who swear to the exclusive merits of a single writer or a single school, and ignore the discovery that the history of literature is the history of "a vast living organism," in which there is room for Pope and Wordsworth, for Boileau and Keats. Do these critics, we cannot help asking, as theorists, exist? And is not the theory of literature for which Mr. Gosse contends as a discovery of Mr. Spencer's, as old as Goethe? Was it not proclaimed seventy years ago by Carlyle? All honour to our veteran thinker, but one dare be known to suspect that more of the philosophy of criticism is to be found in Goethe and Carlyle than in all his score of volumes. Mr. Gosse's book will serve a purpose which none of his predecessors in this field altogether fulfils. In sustained force and freshness of criticism it has no rival on a similar scale but the admirable *Primer* of Mr. Brooke; and the tone and temper of the two minds are so diverse, and yet so penetrated, in each case, with critical instinct, that the joint study of both books would form no contemptible introduction to whatever is not incommunicable in the art of criticism.

C. H. Herford.

MR. WELLS'S "WAR OF THE WORLDS."*

"A gun which shoots electricity is the latest invention of an enterprising American, and Mr. John Hartman, the inventor of the automatic carbine socket, which has been used in the United States Army for sixteen years, and who himself served in the Civil War, is the inventor of this new device. It is said that he has discovered conditions by which the rays of a search-light can be charged with electricity, the beam of light thus taking the place of an ordinary wire. The individual coming within the light rays completes the circuit and falls dead. Experiments have been tried on rabbits, and with a current from a lamp of only fifty voltage he succeeded in killing a rabbit at fifty feet. We shall certainly await the details of this remarkable invention with curiosity."

I cut the above from a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* the other day, when engaged in reading Mr. Wells's new story. It set me thinking that if the Martians did not war on the world some human enemy armed with those heat-rays might, and instead of killing rabbits might kill men, until London became the silent, empty city that Mr. Wells's imagination has pictured with so much force.

That is one of the most striking points about Mr. Wells's work, that he always kindles the imagination. The thief who behind every hedge sees a constable is in a better plight than the average reader of *The War of the Worlds*, who, in every thunderstorm or convulsion of nature, will, for long years to come, think of those grim and impressive creatures from another world. There is an enormous gulf between Mr. Wells's wild imaginings and the imaginings of the men who are by some described roughly as his predecessors. The travels of Baron Munchausen and the adventures which we owe to Jules Verne are on an entirely separate plane. With these writers we are simply in fairy-land; it is no disparagement that our delight in their adventure stories does not in the least disturb our sense of the fitness of things in our daily humdrum life. But Mr. Wells has set our minds agog; I do not say he has done it with that perfection of sanity which so great a subject might have called forth. A war of the worlds, if it really came, would bring us face to face with noble aspects of heroism, with infinite depths of terror, with a mingling of exquisite pathos, and—in spite of the horrors afforded—of grim humour, of a kind which do not come into the ken of Mr. Wells. I do not even deny that in *The War of the Worlds* there are certain small numbers of pages over which many readers may be excused for yawning, whereas to thoroughly convince us of so dire a catastrophe of nature as is here presented an inferior writer, equipped with some of Mr. Wells's material, would have prevented our interest from waning for a moment.

Personally, I confess to being frankly sorry that here, as in other of Mr. Wells's books, he is so little of an optimist. It has been a dream of good men for countless ages that swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and although Tennyson in our own day has talked of "the canker of peace," and told us roundly that the

* The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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wars of armies are not more deadly than the wars of capitalists, he also has filled two or three generations with an aspiration for the time "when the war-drum throbs no longer." And yet Mr. Wells, the first novelist to turn to account for purposes of fiction the great revival of science—the New Learning—which we owe to Darwin and Lyell, to Huxley and Tyndall, unlike his masters, who were all optimists, has painted, and continues to paint, developments where life is more full of pitfalls than in our own time, and where great convulsions of nature find us morally not one whit better prepared than the eruption of Vesuvius found the people of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago. None the less do I count the work of Mr. Wells as one of the most distinctly individual achievements of our time, on a lower literary plane, it may be, but as distinctly an individual achievement as the work of Swift in the eighteenth century, with which it has much in common.

I note in passing as an interesting fact, that Mr. Wells, among the many interpolations that he has made since his book appeared in the pages of a popular magazine, has expressed his distaste for the impossible illustrations with which the magazine serial was adorned. "I recall particularly," he says, "the illustration of one of the first pamphlets to give a consecutive account of the war. The artist had evidently made a hasty study of one of the fighting machines, and there his knowledge ended. He presented them as tilted, stiff tripods, without either flexibility or subtlety, and with an altogether misleading monotony of effect. The pamphlet containing these renderings had a considerable vogue, and I mention them here simply to warn the reader against the impression they may have created. They were no more like the machines I saw in action than a Dutch doll is like a human being. To my mind, the pamphlet would have been much better without them." In wishing for the absence of the illustrations, Mr. Wells only expresses the feeling of most readers concerning the illustrations to stories by their favourite authors. Who is there, since Fred Barnard illustrated Dickens's novels, and Mr. Tenniel *Alice in Wonderland*, that has entirely satisfied us in the illustration of our most approved authors? But all this is to digress from my main point, which is to reiterate the conviction that among the younger writers of the day Mr. Wells is the most distinctly original, and the least indebted to predecessors. *The War of the Worlds* is a very strong and a very powerful book.

Clement Shorter.

MR. HENLEY'S POEMS.*

In this volume we have Mr. Henley's poems as Mr. Henley wishes us to read them. He has revised a little, cast out a few, reprinted two or three from scattered journals. It is timely, then, to consider what his verse is worth to us. Time will rank it in the great lists, or blot it. Time cannot rank it for us; our gratitude is overdue for the kindling of his robust, romantic, most friendly muse. His robustness is not very accurately suggested by the "Song of the Sword" and its brothers, poems sincerely inspired, I do not doubt, but more artificial than the others in utterance, manifest rather in the stalwart value he puts on life and his proud resignation before the evil day.

The ways of fame are inscrutable, and Mr. Henley has not come to his kingdom. But, at least, his friends are triumphantly out of proportion to his mere admirers, and it should not be difficult to snatch from the indifferent such as will join the warmer band. He has written little to alarm or to perplex. Of those strong living etchings, the pictures of life in hospital, the case of two or three may be poetically disputable. But there is no sense in either claiming or branding Mr. Henley as a pioneer. He is a revivifier of the poetical stuff alike accepted by artist and bourgeois, a romantic poet, concerned most with the joy of life "common and divine," a poet of the North, haunted by the mystery of the deep waters lapping the human margin, a man of exuberant sentiment. In his erring moments he is even sentimental, and his emotional use of the Almighty's name for emphasis is a strange feminine weakness; one recalls how the charming lines, "O Time and Change," are marred by the unforgiveable Ingelowism, "God's own chosen weather." Poetry is with him much more a matter of the heart than of the

* Poems. By William Ernest Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

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head. It is for men of to-day he writes, but "modernity" has not affected the fibres of him, passages in "London Voluntaries" and "In Hospital" notwithstanding. When he is reminiscent to us of other poets, it is now of some moments of Heine sans acidity, now of Arnold with the chill off, one might dare to say of Whitman, were Whitman conceivable as a lyricist of style. Of the new world are these, but singers of the universal, who would outrage the conventions of any literary coterie. Of all the poets of to-day worth considering he is the least exotic. Life is justified to him of its fulness and its strong colour, and this is as much a banishment of the morbid as of the prudish.

In the light of these obvious commonplaces about Mr. Henley's verse, it is puzzling that so many of his contemporaries have still to discover even his noble hymn of the conquering sufferer:

> "I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul,"

even his *reveil* to all romance, "Over the hills and far away," and his rich reflection of the glorious East, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Everywhere human, the light and shade of his fine landscapes are reflections from an inner vision:

"The wistful stars
Shine like good memories. The young morning wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours
As over a region of roses. Life and Death
Sound on—sound on. . . . And the night magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart.
Of the wood's dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves, and filled the dim sea-banks
With exquisite visitants."

There can be no general reproach hurled at him for his human reading of Nature. His matter is for all of us, because chiefly it is of the lust of active living and loving. "Life—give me life until the end" is his constant theme, and the complement is the glad acceptance of Death the Friend. There is no touch of the charnel-house in Mr. Henley's mind:

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing;
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

A. M.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OPINION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

It would be difficult to find a completer demonstration of the superficiality and one-sidedness of the opinions men usually hold of events going on before their eyes than that which Dr. Charles Downer Hazen gives in a recent study of *Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution*. One would expect the Americans of that period to be rather expert in judging of revolutions. They had just passed through an extended and sharp experience of their own, and ought to have been qualified to recognise the folly and the strength of such upheavals. Yet this study of Dr. Hazen's shows that with few exceptions contemporary Americans were blind to the meaning of the events which passed in France during the last two decades of the eighteenth century. It was not only those at home who were blind, our representatives abroad judged the false and the true quite as superficially. To begin with, they overlooked entirely what seems to the students of the present day very evident—the signs of revolution which preceded the fall of the Bastile. Franklin, who left France in 1785, after a sojourn of nine years, went home unsuspicious of the elements of disorder at work around him. Jay and Adams were equally undiscerning. Jefferson, who was sent to France in 1785, while criticising the French severely for many things, saw few alarming symptoms. He even journeyed for weeks through the country in 1787, and noted nothing foreboding in the situation of the people. He saw the Assembly of Notables and the States Generals, and watched the rapid changes which those bodies made in the fundamental principle of French government, all without alarm. In short, as Dr. Hazen says:

> "Jefferson before he left France had no idea that a revolution of appalling violence was impending. In the outbreaks that had occurred before he left he saw no premonition of a most disastrous future. He sailed for home with the conviction that within a year one of the greatest of recorded revolutions would have been effected without bloodshed."

This is the opinion which Dr. Hazen

* Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution. By Charles Downer Hazen, Ph.D., Professor of History in Smith College. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

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draws from a study of Jefferson's letters and journal written in France. The impression one gets from Jefferson's autobiography, written long after his return, is rather different. One curious and interesting case, brought out by Dr. Hazen to show the contrast between Jefferson's contemporary opinion and that of his later autobiography, relates to Marie Antoinette. When in France Jefferson found the Queen weak and frivolous, but he evidently attached but little weight to her acts, yet in his autobiography he advances the astonishing opinion that "had there been no queen there would have been no revolution" —a judgment which falls utterly before our present knowledge.

Our one representative in France in the Revolutionary period who saw affairs in their true light was Gouverneur Morris. It has long been the fashion to abuse Morris as an aristocrat. His crime was his belief that a government should be made to fit a people, and not a people to fit a government. He did not believe the French ready for a republic. He said so bluntly, and he pricked mercilessly the soap-bubble constitutions which the confident young statesmen of the day blew so readily. Time has proved how wise his criticisms on the French situation were. This book proves, too, by ample citations from his works, how far Morris was from being merely an ill-natured and captious opponent of democracy and reform, seeing nothing good in the efforts of the French and thoroughly out of sympathy with them. Morris really was profoundly interested in the experiment going on around him, he noted accurately the elements of strength in the revolution, and he declared even at the time he criticised most severely that forces were at work which would eventually bring about a free and stable government in France.

It was not our representatives abroad, however, that got farthest from the truth in regard to the French Revolution. It was the people who stayed at home. The first three years of the upheaval did not cause undue excitement. Events were watched with keenest interest, but there was little hysteria over the reforms instituted so rapidly. It was not until the beginning of 1793, weeks after August 10th, the September Massacres, and the beginning of government by terror, that opinion in the United States began its glorification of the Revolution. The excesses which followed read like stories from the records of the French patriots of 1793. Ça ira, the liberty cap, the pike, became the emblems of the hour. Civic feasts were held in all the cities, and in many of the towns from Maine to Georgia, where "an ox with suitable liquors," a street parade, the tricolour, free bread, "Liberty and Equality," and rivers of eloquence drew the entire population into the streets and heated them to a point where they accused Washington of aristocracy and talked of the need of another revolution in America.

Democratic societies whose objects were to purify American government of all the restraining and conservative inferences were formed. A campaign against titles began, and esquire, Mr., Mrs., Dr., Rev., were declared anti-republican and servile. Men were simply citizens, women *citess*. Streets were re-baptized, and literature teemed with the new enthusiasms. In short, for many months the people of the United States utterly ignored the violence and excesses which the French were suffering from the most terrible tyrants who ever ruled them, and united in a chorus of laudations of the glorious emancipation.

This strange story of national hysteria is well told by Dr. Hazen. While his narrative has all the thumb-marks of the trained scholar, it is evident that the scholar is not blind to the dramatic or the humorous qualities of the material he has gone to so much hard work to unearth and classify. His comments are discriminating, his style easy, and there is much keen characteristic in the book, as, for instance, his remark on Moncure Conway's "genial biographical method," "the simple one of creating your hero by generating a suspicion that every one else is a rogue," or the parallel he draws between Jefferson and Morris:

"These men differed widely in most important essentials. The one was what was termed in the parlance of the day a 'philosopher,' an advanced thinker along new lines, an undoubted doctrinaire, an optimist, enamoured of democracy with a love that did not pass. The other was first and last a conservative by nature, a man to whom doctrinaires were abhorrent, especially when they left the quiet and obscurity of their closets to mingle in the fray

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of public life; a man who held that academicians were made for academies and not for parliaments; a man of vivacity and pungency and wit, rather Gallic than English, somewhat of a cynic, too. These men differed temperamentally. Their political ideas were also sharply at variance, and when their temperaments and their intellectual likings and dislikes interject themselves into their descriptions, we perceive in each a distinctly personal note. But this is not always the case, for while these men had strongly individual traits, they had traits in common as well. Both were intelligent, facile, acute, and penetrating. Both were strongly prejudiced men, though in inverse senses, but both were thoughtful and possessed discernment. Both were flexible, pliant, easily appreciative of different conditions than those to which they were accustomed at home."

Ida M. Tarbell.

SOUTHERN SOLDIER STORIES.*

Despite the countless war stories which have appeared since 1865, there is always room in the apparently overcrowded field for another set of interesting tales well told; and when these exhibit the bravery of the Southerners and their devotion to the cause they espoused, they should not be less welcome to us than "Yankee yarns;" but rather more so, since they remind us—and we Northerners sometimes have forgotten it—that our opponents in that terrible struggle were, and are, our brothers.

Southern Soldier Stories, by George Cary Eggleston, are of this order, and are worthy of attention. The book is a collection of nearly fifty sketches, many of them very short, and most of them of unusual excellence, demonstrating as they do the reckless courage, the laxity of military discipline, the hardships uncomplainingly endured, the devotion, the honour, the hot temper—in a word, the conglomerate mass of characteristics, good and bad, which make the Southern gentleman, even to-day, the most fascinating of men.

To those who lived through the Civil War these stories will come like a comrade's diary, a reminder of their own, for the veteran loves tales of army life. To those of the younger generation they will be more than merely entertaining narrative, for they will furnish a deeper insight into the personal side of the terrible business of war, and give a juster and more catholic view of the situations of the contending hosts, for no opportunity is lost which affords the author a possibility of paying tribute to the Northern generals and armies. As a gentleman holding views diametrically opposed to theirs, he shows withal a perfectly frank and just appreciation of their achievements. This is done incidentally, the stories dealing entirely with the deeds of "boys in gray."

Boys—whose approbation is to be coveted by a writer in this field—will keenly enjoy Mr. Eggleston's terse, incisive style and the dramatic situations he presents; and, added to this, they will value the fact that only one or two are love stories.

Every line of the book rings true. It is good work, honestly done; and while youthful readers will revel in it from the standpoint of the story, their elders will enjoy the gleams of dry humour which follow so closely upon the pathos as to make the whole, as life is, a mixture of smiles and tears, with this difference, that life in our blessed time of peace produces no sudden and startling events, dramatic situations, like great upheavals of the earth's crust, being the result of tremendous cataclysms. The valour of war lies in deeds, the heroism of peace in endurance.

The women of the Confederacy receive at the author's hands no elaborate eulogy, but the stories entitled "A Plantation Heroine" and "The Women of Petersburg" will prove to the most indifferent reader that the narrator speaks from his heart when he says of them, "Their deeds of mercy will never be adequately recorded until the angels report."

The chief character, or rather the person spoken of most lovingly and intimately, is Joe, the author's brother, to whom the book is dedicated, and who was, at the time of the war, "not quite seventeen years old, an enthusiastic soldier, and as hot-headed as a boy can well be." He was, his biographer says, "as brave a fellow as is made, and as cantankerous and self-assertive as a brave boy is apt to be," so that he caused his brother, of the mature age of twenty-one, considerable anxiety, which—since Joe came out of it alive—is now remembered with much pleasure. He didn't realise it then, perhaps; but isn't it Vergil who makes one of the Trojans

* Southern Soldier Stories. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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in a particularly uncomfortable situation say, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse iuvabit*"?

All these stories end with equal abruptness, but so does life on the battlefield. They are clean, wholesome, mental food, preaching no moral save morality, and that only by inference, for nothing is said about it; but they will surely make their way, as Colonel Eggleston's earlier works, and those of his brother, Edward Eggleston, have done, into the hands and thence to the hearts of the most desirable class of readers—the children—the men and women of the nation that shall be.

Louie K. Heller.

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS.*

The title of the bigger book covers the main incident of the lesser; but *His Fortunate Grace* is evidently not a study for, nor a pendant to, *American Wives and English Husbands*. The scene of the shorter story is laid in New York, and mostly among Easterners, whom, we gather, Mrs. Atherton does not like, and whose vices and weaknesses she presents, let us hope, slanderously. She speaks for the American of the South and the West, and is almost as sensitive over the European lumping of the New World racial differences as a Scot when he is looked on as a mere Englishman. The passages in the history of Miss Augusta Forbes, heiress to millions, are presented to show how cold-blooded, business-like and determined a young New York maiden can be in her pursuit of social position in England. True, the heiress's mother, a Southerner, is nearly as keen in the matter; but she is otherwise an agreeable and very affectionate person. The longer book is a love-story. The villainess is an American, to be sure, bred in Chicago; but though she is powerful enough to bring on the catastrophe, she cannot divert our attention from the heroine, Lee, the Western beauty, and not too much of an heiress. For Lee let us be grateful, since she means a much pleasanter atmosphere than can be breathed in any other of the books of this talented writer. Not too much of an heiress, we have said; but Mrs. Atherton's heroines demand a thick luxury for their graces and forces to develop in. Patience Sparhawk and Lee both know hardship in their childhood. But that poverty can mean anything but starvation of the mind, the soul, the senses, never seems to occur to this observer of life; and Lee is rescued from it at the age of eleven that her conquest of the highest circles may be assured. We like her, without much believing in her, while she is a precocious child. We like her heartily and know her intimately at the end. But we never admire her. We have no desire that her temperament and attitude to life should rule. A self-controlled, well-conducted, dignified young woman, she has no gross faults at all. But if she be a type of her country, then the Western women are the frankest materialists to be met with anywhere. Comfort, luxury, social position being assured, she can be generous, helpful, and a charming comrade. But the externals of life are real and even solemn to her in a degree that surprises old democratic Europe. It is more profitable to regard her not in herself, but in relation to her English husband. It is useless for male English readers to say that Cecil is a caricature. The earnest-minded, undemonstrative husband, who respects his wife, and takes the stability of her devotion for granted, as he does that of the British constitution, has never been so cleverly drawn before. The incapacity of the intelligent man to understand that he has duties to his wife beyond faithful affection and courteous manners, his well-bred surprise at her farther claim, are inimitably reflected. The refined and virtuous Grand Turk has sat at last for his portrait to a shrewd, but also a merciful painter. When we come to the real business of the book, which is expressed in the title, we have nothing but admiration for it. It is well written—there are few such slips as "he would have gone down as others of his gilded ilk had gone down." There is real observation and there is sympathy in it; while the best scenes of the catastrophe, and Lee's refusal to hinder a proud man from the shelter of death, are of remarkable vigour, showing a restrained power *Patience Sparhawk* did not promise.

* American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

His Fortunate Grace. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

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MADAME DARMESTETER'S LIFE OF RENAN.*

Just in these proportions would Renan, we imagine, have liked the story of his life and work to be written, and even after some such style. Madame Darmesteter has caught something of the grace of the master to whose spirit she does homage, and instinctively she gives, as that great artist in bookmaking was wont to do, only the essential results of a hidden study, patient, detailed, and profound. For without a doubt she speaks out of a full knowledge both of the man and his services to learning and literature. In English there has been till now no such summing up of Renan's worth. We have Grant Duff's book, it is true. But it is so formless as to be nearly unreadable. It is altogether uncritical, and, with some interesting pages, contains much trifling.

The first few chapters of her monograph we judged less favourably. They were charmingly written, but they contained only what was perfectly familiar to every ordinary cultivated reader—the story of his life as told by him in the *Souvenirs*. Probably there is nothing else to tell. Certainly we desire no more. But his later years Madame Darmesteter lights up by information of her own, and by admirable exposition and independent criticism, too. The glimpses she gives of him as traveller, as professor, as politician, as *savant*, as Parisian favourite, are delightful, while his aims, his methods, his attainments, and his failures are touched on with a knowledge made the more reliable by sympathy. The style of the narrative and the expository portions is only surpassed by the perfection of the translations, which are true renderings even to the very rhythms. And yet Madame Darmesteter, who can write such excellent English, says (of two lists), "Renan's name headed either," and repeats the blunder, too.

But there is a more serious mistake. She talks of "the nation to which Renan owed all that was best in him—the nation of Goethe, etc." This is a fundamental error. Sometimes she seems to be aware of it, and to contradict herself; but realising the whole spirit of her book, we come to the conclusion she would stand by the sentence we have quoted. This points us to the source of weakness in the monograph. Something is wanting. She makes the usual biographer's mistake, and slurs over what she would fain call an accidental weakness. And, lo, it is of the very essence of the man. His Gallicism, his Celtic nature she speaks of (especially the latter, when it spells ideality), but she will not face what these mean. She plays the part of Henriette, and omits the part in him that "Henriette had not loved." And so Renan the saint, the unworldly scholar, the enthusiastic Liberal, Renan the poet and the artist, even Renan the temporary pessimist, are here portrayed with sympathy and with art; but from his exquisite, far-reaching irony, from his witty, mocking smile that melted systems and traditions, from the wholesome Gallic "frivolity" that saved this man of so much seriousness and sentiment from joining the terrible band of the solemn, she turns away, gently shocked; she keeps silence, and of her charity would fain deny this part in him.

* The Life of Ernest Renan. By Madame James Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.*

A series of Lives of the Builders of Greater Britain, which will include such diversely characteristic worthies as Raleigh, Maitland, Raffles, Gibbon Wakefield, Rajah Brooke, and the Cabots, promises well. And it is launched by Mr. Martin Hume while the praise of his *Year after the Armada* is still upon our lips, and our attention complacently directed to an antiquarian who had so rare a gift of ferreting out the charming curios of history, and the still rarer gift of restoring, furbishing, and mounting them attractively and with good taste. Raleigh's life has been often written, and more than once well written, so that his last biographer cannot stray far from the path marked out by Oldys, Edwards, and Gardiner. He has, however, brought to bear much new matter from Gondomar's letters at Simancas and in the Palace Library at Madrid, by which he clears up the mys-

* Sir Walter Raleigh. By Martin A. S. Hume. Builders of Greater Britain Series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

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tery as to Raleigh's fall. It would seem that spite or revenge for injuries received did not influence Spain, which acted solely from motives of high policy to secure a practical sanction of her exclusive jurisdiction over South America, and that before Raleigh sailed, James had bargained to sacrifice him in return for the delusive favour of the Spanish king. We may perhaps add that Raleigh was still personally a danger to Spain, as an experienced adventurer who on some revolution of politics might exchange his prison for the command of a formidable expedition, and so he was best out of the way. As for James, his crime was as diabolical as it was stupid.

We need not say more of the life than that it is carefully, temperately, and artistically told. Mr. Hume does not glorify his hero. His closing remarks are remarkably just and weighty. He points out that we who judge by his writings, place Raleigh higher than those who witnessed his life, which was a series of failures, and rightly observes that, like Elizabeth and some others of her time who thought and planned and spoke so greatly and acted so poorly, he failed because his vast and versatile intellectual gifts were discounted by the moral nature of the savage—and that too by no means the noble savage. Alas, the more the historical researchers and restorers scrape these Great Elizabethans, the blacker they look. England was ruled by a gang of thieves, sons of the old church-robbers, and the Queen was captain of the band. She and all of them lived by plunder without shame or remorse. It was the note of the age. From splendid piracy and gallant buccaneering, through every grade of murderous robbery, embezzlement and false pretences down to petty theft, dishonesty was rampant. But though the Elizabethans were desperate rogues, they were great men, and Raleigh about the greatest.

Y. Y.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.*

Canon Knox Little confesses frankly that his volume is "based" upon certain Lenten lectures which he delivered at Worcester last year. He goes on to say "the book bears, I fear, the inevitable marks of its first form." It certainly does exhibit the defects, as well as some of the merits of this origin. There are telling bits of eloquent description, like the picture of autumn in Umbria. And throughout, the preacher's voice can be heard enforcing the spiritual lessons of his theme. But the Canon's pulpit rhetoric reads poorly as literature. We grow weary of a style so verbose, and sometimes so slipshod. The frequent repetitions were not "inevitable" in a work of this size and pretension, any more than the uncorrected mistakes in syntax (*cf.* pp. 26, 38, and 81), or sentences like "Dropsy supervened on other things" (p. 261), or "There was a celebrated Duns Scotus" (p. 312). Canon Knox Little is sufficiently master of English when he chooses; but on the style of this book he has unfortunately not chosen to bestow much pains.

We are obliged to add that the matter of the work is equally unsatisfactory. The author claims to have formed an independent judgment from original authorities. But he shows no just sense of the relative value of his various sources, and relies constantly on works so uncritical as Wadding's *Annals of the Minorites*, which is two centuries old, and Suysken's Commentary in the *Acta Sanctorum*. Indeed, we have the amazing admission that while M. Sabatier is "far the best modern biographer of St. Francis," Canon Knox Little only became acquainted with his "invaluable" Life when his own sheets were almost through the press this summer. M. Sabatier's *Vie de S. François* was published at the end of 1893, was widely reviewed in England within a few months, and has since been translated into English. It is difficult to realise how any serious student of St. Francis could go ignorant of that work of monumental research, which is simply indispensable to a right understanding of the saint. After this we are not surprised that Canon Knox Little's chapter on the influence of St. Francis upon Literature and Art makes no reference to Dr. Thode's learned treatise *Franz von Assisi, und der Anfang der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien*. But he cannot seriously mean to endorse the absurd dictum "Without Francis, no

* St. Francis of Assisi, his Times, Life, and Work. By J. W. Knox Little, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Worcester. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.

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Dante" (p. 292). Though Dante has a special veneration for Francis, he himself shows few traces of the characteristic Franciscan temper and impulse. Except for some half-casual, half-contemptuous allusions to common people, the *Divina Commedia* hardly so much as refers to the poor.

Nevertheless we predict that this volume, with all its faults, will obtain considerable popularity, and even prove of real service. The charm of Francis refuses to be effaced by the eloquent prolixity of his panegyrist. Ordinary readers, who care more for edification than for accuracy, will catch the ardours of Canon Knox Little's genuine devotion to a beautiful and saintly life, and will learn for themselves to admire one of the rarest and noblest characters which the world has seen.

T. H. Darlow.

NOVEL NOTES.

LIN McLEAN. By Owen Wister. New York: Harper Brothers. $1.50.

It is to be regretted that ability like Mr. Wister's should continue to be devoted almost exclusively to the celebration of the ordinary. When his work first came into the magazines—some five or six years ago—there were indications that he would "find himself" erelong, for an appreciation of the extraordinary seemed to show between the bold strokes of these early, rough, strong pictures. The signs appeared to point unerringly toward that increasing perception of the difference between coarseness and strength, and between weakness and gentleness, which is one of the firstfruits of art. It seemed indeed reasonably certain that the author of *La Tinaja Bonita* must gradually inform his work with nobler motives and loftier ideals. There were also disclosures of a poetic quality more uplifting than all else, which prophesied pleasant possibilities through the studies of *Red Men and White*. One or two of these looked above the dust and the dunghills of the plains, and beyond the common, squalid types of the environment to the further heights and the finer few.

It was, therefore, with almost assured expectation that this new volume was taken up with eagerness, to be laid down with disappointment. The anticipated advancement is not to be found. The models and the methods are the same. The biscuit-shooter, the cow-puncher, and the vigilants have developed no new characteristics better entitling them to interest and sympathy. The things that they say and the things that they do are probably true to the life, but the truthful presentation of coarse commonplaces scarcely constitutes a rightful claim to admiration in literature—or elsewhere—though a good many so-called realistic writers seem to think so. Even the poetic touches are now fewer and fainter than in the author's earlier work, and the paragraph in which Lin "wound out of the magic valley of Wind River through the bastioned gullies and the gnome-like mystery of dry watercourses, upward and up to the level of the sage-brush plain," is one of the few reminders of the beautiful early promises. "Behind lay the deep valley they had been climbing from;" the description goes on, "mighty, expanding, its trees like bushes, its cattle like pebbles, its opposite side towering also to the edge of this upper plain. There it lay, another world. One step farther away from its rim, and the two edges of the plain had flowed together over it, like a closing sea, covering without a sign or a ripple the great country which lay sunk beneath." A single sentence so completely revealing the author's feeling of the greatness of his *milieu* creates new wonder that he should be willing to people it with ignoble humanity. The complaint is not that the biscuit-shooter and the cow-puncher are poor and uncultured. The greatest have been both. The complaint is that their aims are low, their walk and conversation gross, and their minds mean. Exception may possibly be urged, especially in the case of Lin himself, and it should be at once conceded that he has some of the savage's virtues. He is economical in lying, he fights whenever it is necessary or even convenient, he is generous in a careless way, kind to children, and not notably selfish—but then selfishness is a vice of civilisation. Taken all around, Lin McLean is a fair specimen of his kind. But why his *kind?* Why not some nobler kind equally true to life? For, these so-called realists to the contrary notwithstanding, the noble, the sweet, and the beautiful *are* as true, though unhappily not as common, as the degraded, the bitter, and the repulsive. There are, unfortunately, those who are unable sometimes to tell the one from the other, but there can never be any difficulty in discrimination in the case of Mr. Owen Wister. His appreciation of the finest breaks in sunbeams between the iron bands of his earlier work and his latest merely goes to prove greater strife between natural inclination and adopted theory.

THE CELEBRITY. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

There is one danger against which the wariest reviewer is never entirely safe. The most experienced cannot always discriminate between what a book is and what it purports to be. For with books, as with people, air and manner—a sort of consciousness of importance—make an impression out of all proportion to real

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merits of the case. Books as well as men and women are more often accepted upon their own valuation than might be suspected.

And so it may have been with *The Celebrity*. There is something imposing in the very cover, with its double-headed figure, which "looks one way and rows another," like the diplomat in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. As has just been said, the outside appearance of a book and the manner of its bow go further than they should with the critic, and being misled by appearances seems particularly pardonable in the present instance, since it is very difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to believe without actual knowledge that anything that looks so solid could be so hollow.

Moreover, when the work first came from the press, a rumour went abroad saying it was a satire unmistakably pointed at a well-known American writer. That made something of a *buzz*—for a minute or so—and forgetting all the usual standards of criticism, there was a rush to see whether or not this were true. There appears to have been a temporary impression that it was. It was decided that the personal discription was correct in every respect: "tall and dark and broad-shouldered, with a very firm chin and a straight nose," apparently fixing the identity beyond all doubt. It was also conceded that only one well-known American author possessed the gift of Paris, and needs must break female hearts wherever he goes. But the most conclusive testimony to the truth of this portrait from life is said to have been found in the Celebrity's shrinking from the social pedestal upon which fame has placed him. It was argued that while many of the famous may have felt as the Celebrity felt, only he would have expressed it as he does in the book, and as he is said to have done in life. Yet it is surely an awful thing to be "hounded by people who have read one's books," and to have them wanting to dine and wine one for the sake of showing one off at their houses. No wonder the Celebrity grows tired and sick of it all. He cannot go upon the street but what he is stared at and pointed out. He is worried out of his life by attentions—"nothing but attention," he bemoans himself. Yes, there is certainly a familiar ring about all this, and it has assuredly been said before.

But recently it has been announced almost with authority that *The Celebrity* is not a portrait from life, which seems to deprive it of its sole *raison d'être*. As a work of fiction it is not remarkable, and much dulness masquerades through its pages as dignity. We learn that Mr. Churchill is to try his pen in a more ambitious direction; it will be wise therefore to reserve judgment on his literary gifts until he has proved them a little further.

A BORN ARISTOCRAT. By Matthew White, Jr. New York: Frank A. Munsey.

There is something in this pleasant story that revives memories of *Little Women*, although it would be difficult to say just what it is. Barbara Van Dyke certainly recalls Joe in various ways, mainly, perhaps, in her relation to the family, in which she holds the place of son and brother. There are also resemblances in the brave, united effort of the girls to keep the wolf from the door. But Barbara is a much more sophisticated person than Joe was or ever could be. Barbara is distinctly the product of New York, while Joe belonged exclusively to New England. When, therefore, Barbara becomes the breadwinner for those who are dependent upon her, she naturally develops resources that could never by any possibility have been at Joe's command. Barbara has a fine and a well-trained voice, and to her it seems quite a matter of course that she should utilise it by going on the stage, notwithstanding the alarmed remonstrance of her mother and sister. She begins, however, at the very foot of the ladder as a chorus girl, and the details of her struggle upward make the story. The title of the book is not, as might be supposed, descriptive of the heroine's high birth, but, instead, the name of the play in which she wins histrionic recognition. How true the descriptions of a theatrical career are only the initiated can say, but they are, at all events, interesting, and given with unflagging spirit. This freshness constitutes, indeed, the principal attraction of the unpretentious work, and it is as singular as delightful to find the feeling so close to the footlights. It is restful to be shown, even from an inexperienced and trustful point of view, that arcadian romances can live amid limelight, and that an actress even as young as Barbara Van Dyke can give up the applause of the stage for love in a cottage with but a pang of regret. An unexpected turn is given to the story toward the close by the accident which compels Freda, the younger sister, to take Barbara's place in the play, and which leads to her adoption of the profession. The close bond between the sisters, the atmosphere of fine domesticity, the kindness and delicacy prevading the whole story—all bringing up *Little Women*—are particularly notable, and all the more effective because they are so strikingly at variance with the theme.

AN ELUSIVE LOVER. By Virna Woods. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

This story is distinctly one of the many results of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but it is better than most of its kind. There is admirable concentration upon the motive, the writing is notably even throughout, and the quality of the whole work is above the average. It seems so good upon critical examination and reveals such practical use of the pen, that one wonders why the other novels by the author—listed on the title-page—have never been heard of. But the most careful copy fails somehow to satisfy, and this, fine and faithful as it is, comes as a small water-color sketch of a large painting in oil. The dual nature, abiding more or less distinctly divided in every human creature, is in this instance a young man, alternately a rich reprobate and a poor saint. The reprobacy and the saintliness are both from a young woman's point of view. There are no stirrings of the great black depths, no soarings toward the mighty heights, as in the famous originals. Rex Carrington is the average American fast young man about town, and his double, Gottfried Jäger, is hardly more than the mediocre German artist—a girl of the upper class would be likely to know the two types. Yet the feeling of the work is not of the ordinary. Indeed, the impression produced by the story appears singularly out of proportion to its strength.

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Perhaps it may really come largely from the vivid, everlasting, universal interest in that wild beast, chained more or less insecurely in the most completely tamed human heart. At all events, the effect of the work is mainly through suggestion. On approaching the conclusion the work loses the sure, if superficial, touch of the earlier pages. The author turns aside from her model, and consequently from the great fundamental facts of life. In the rapid and complete and permanent absorption of the bad in the good, she offends not only against art, but against possibility. For neither in the greatest story of this universal duality, nor in the deepest, widest experience and observation of its sad truths, has the strongest human heart ever cast out the weakest wild beast at once and forever.

THE VINTAGE. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. By E. F. Benson. With a map and eleven illustrations by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

The story of the freeing of the Peloponnesus, from Corinth to Maina, is here told in spirited and romantic style. So much historical study and so close an acquaintance with the Greek people and the face of their country have gone to the making of Mr. Benson's latest book that it must be a matter of regret to some that he has not chosen rather to write a straightforward history of the War of Independence. But then we should have lost Nicholas, and never known Mitsos and Suleima, heroic and charming figures. If the frivolous taint of *Dodo* still linger about Mr. Benson's name, surely *The Vintage* will cleanse him from it. It is a very serious and a very simple-minded book—conventional in tone, but obeying healthy and pleasing conventions. The peasant life of Greece is treated in idyllic fashion; the generous efforts to cast off the Turkish yoke are recorded with a warm enthusiasm which is attractive and contagious; while there are passages of adventure that are fresh and stirring as the heart of the reader could desire. Mr. Benson has given us a little too much of everything; but it is ungrateful to complain of length in connection with this, his least sophisticated and his ablest novel.

A DESERT DRAMA; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO. By A. Conan Doyle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

This is a delightful book, and one of the most pleasing pieces of work that has come from Dr. Conan Doyle's versatile pen. There is not a jarring note sounded in the whole story, there is not a single character introduced that is not sympathetically pictured, that does not make immediate and successful appeal to the imagination of the reader. The plot is full of dramatic power, and it does not flag for an instant. Even the political discussions are lively and entertaining reading. *A Desert Drama* may not take rank as literature with *Micah Clarke* or *The White Company*, but it is most emphatically a book to be read and enjoyed by thousands. It offers one of the best excuses for the present campaign in Egypt, for if there had been no such war and no war correspondents Dr. Conan Doyle would probably not have visited Egypt, and there would have been no "tragedy of the Korosko." Her Majesty's Government is at perfect liberty to make use of the suggestion. We feel sure that an argument would be appreciated in the House and throughout all England.

JOHN GILBERT, YEOMAN. A Romance of the Commonwealth. By R. G. Soan. New York: F. Warne & Co. $1.50.

If you are not very young, it will seem as if you had read this worthy story at least two hundred and fifty times already. That there are so many of its kind, ready and eager for our perusal, is no doubt a very good sign of the times. This one is neither better nor worse than the others you confuse it with, save that it loses rather in the race by its inordinate length. The sound of "Master Humphrey" and "Mistress Anne," and of a mild oath or two like "marry!" give the pleasing and expected sense of archaism; the kidnapping of a lovely maiden is the sensational *pièce de résistance;* and in the love-story of a Cavalier youth and a Roundhead girl we have the romance no self-respecting story of the period would think of omitting. The introduction of Cromwell is hardly a success. Mr. Soan there errs with his betters; but at least they did not make the grim Protector a heavy-fatherly person, eager to bless and even to be present at two very dull and unimportant young people's wedding.

BY STROKE OF SWORD. A Romance, taken from the Chronicles of Sir Jeremy Clephane, King's Justice and Knight of the Shire of Fife, overlooked by Master Judas Fraser, Dominie of the Parish of Kirktoun, and rendered into a more modern English by Andrew Balfour. New York: Truslove & Comba. $1.25.

There are writers with a genius for inventing titles whose pleasing or mysterious sound sells their books by the thousand before the worth or worthlessness of the inside be ever discovered. Mr. Balfour's genius lies rather in the framing of chapter-headings. Who would not set to the reading of a story in the most sympathetic mood, finding in its table of contents such items as these: "Of the hollow Tree and the Eyes which Moved;" "Of what I heard in the Chimney, and the Man in the Archway;" "Of Our Lady the Virgin and the Gathering of the Sharks"? And there is something to be found if we follow the leading of these sign-posts. Mr. Balfour has a tender conscience about giving full measure to his readers. Indeed his measures run over; his stuff is squeezed and wasted. It must have been a grinding task to write *By Stroke of Sword*, something like that of the variety entertainer with numerous rivals in the field, who will starve him out unless he cut a few capers more and cut them more boldly. He capers with difficulty, but with tremendous perseverance, belabouring his hero with cudgel and sword and every weapon of evil fortune for over three hundred pages. We are a poor, weak-nerved generation to-day, it is said. What wonder, if Master Jeremy Clephane's career be similar to those of our fathers? Such prodigality in adventure was more of a strain than the deep drinking of the last century. But there, that is to take a boy's play-book seriously, and as a real thing; while from first to last this one proclaims itself entirely artificial, made for the market, neverthe-

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less displaying a fastidious conscience on the writer's part, if only a commercial one, in its strict adherence to the expected traditions of a story of the Elizabethan Age, and in the generous amount of material it piles up at the doors of purchasers. Typical of the faults of its class —of the lifelessness of the string-pulled puppet heroes, of the strange mixture of old half-understood points of view, and the prejudices of the day—just because it excels most of them in the quantity of incident and the honest but nervous and restless efforts to amuse, *By Stroke of Sword* must seek its audience among boys whose gnawing hunger for the world of wonder outside the schoolroom is unappeasable by anything fine or subtle or merely true, which good gear is found, alas, in smaller parcels than suit their appetites.

It is noticeable that the illustrator of the story, Mr. Cubitt Cooke, has ignored the description of the hero so strongly insisted on by Mr. Balfour. The squat little dominie is turned out in the pictures as an elegant, well-formed youth.

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

This is a new departure for Mr. Pett Ridge, if we are not mistaken. The love-story is a quite serious one, so much so that for light entertainment we fall back on the minor romance of an amusing couple, a hard-working barrister who plays the idler with grace, and a young writer of fiction who snubs him till she makes up her mind she is in love, and then, being a clear-brained girl, never snubs him any more at all. The hero is a trifle disappointing from the amusement point of view. The fact is, we have got spoiled by Prince Florizel, and the idea of a prince incognito for serious philanthropic purposes, was not to our light mind of the moment. It is only just to say that his fiancée's dealings with Nihilists and other suspect persons give to his romance exciting moments. Though not consistently comic, like the rest of Mr. Ridge's work as we know it, there is abundance of quick wit and humorous characterisation in his latest story.

FANTASIAS. By George Egerton. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Whatever was bold or naughty in *Keynotes* and its successors has vanished, and in its place we see nothing but insignificance. The sketches in George Egerton's latest book are mild and dull allegories, such as young persons of much vague sentiment and little knowledge of life find their easiest expression in, the gospel behind being that of the Pioneer Club, somewhat weakened. The symbolism is not always very successful. The woman with an inordinate love of porridge standing for the Philistine, and the huntsman who hunted butterflies on horseback for Don Juan, are unhappily chosen, we think. There is less extravagance of language than formerly, but we come across such doubtful phrases as "eyes filled with luminous speering and inborn sadness." Is "speering" English or Scots? Either way, it is misspelt. Her old habit of coining words is not yet successful. "Advertisive" is surely a bad shot; and what is one to say of any one who pretends to style, and makes use of the vulgarism "common or garden"? As for the matter of it all, it is old and trite and true—the loneliness of genius, the grossness of the world, the love of lying. Great themes, but feeble sentimental grumblings will not wake us up anew to the truth of the charge, and the pity of it.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By Ambrose Bierce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Under this new title appears a volume containing those stories by Mr. Bierce formerly published as *Tales of Stories and Civilians*, with the addition of several more. Mr. Bierce's reputation is so well established with lovers of good literature, that we can do little more than note the fact of this book's appearance. We think it very safe to say that with the single exception of Poe, no American writer has ever written any short stories that can compare with these. Intensely dramatic, condensed in such a way as to make their very brevity heighten the effect which they produce, the construction and development of each of these tales is a model of literary art. They are as striking as Kipling's, they are as powerfully unpleasant as some of the best of Maupassant's. We like most the stories whose scene is laid on or near the battle-field, and the more so as they are not purely and simply "war stories," but bring into the web of the plot those threads of love and hate, of ambition and intrigue and disgrace that display the intensely human man under the soldier's garb. Nowhere can the art of how and when to end a story be more perfectly exemplified than in some of these remarkable tales.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

HOW TO PLAY GOLF. By H. J. Whigham. Illustrated. Chicago: Herbert Stone & Co. $1.50.

The author of this book, though not an American, is probably the best living exponent in America of the game of golf. He has for two successive years won the amateur championship, and is, perhaps, the most consistent performer on the links that we have. While it is true that Mr. McDonald (to whom, by the way, the book is dedicated) and Mr. Fenn have, on rare occasions, excelled him in brilliancy, there can be no question but that he is the greatest tournament player in this country. His form is both correct and natural, and is the perfection of golf.

In golfers, good writing and sound advice are not necessarily coupled with brilliant playing, but Mr. Whigham is certainly master in all three departments. The book is full of invaluable counsel to every lover of golf, and is in reality the most practical contribution to the literature of the game that we have come across. The *Badminton Book* is a delightful bundle of papers dealing with the history and development of the ancient and royal game, but Mr. Whigham's book is a complete manual for those learning to play.

Golfers have humorously been divided into four classes—"sharks," "cunners," "lobsters," and "flounders." It is to be feared that the "flounder" class will not listen to Mr. Whigham's counsel; but to the three remaining classes, especially the "cunners," the book should prove invaluable. The kinetoscopic illustrations in the book are especially interesting, and deserving of the most careful study; particularly that of Mr. Whigham driving, probably the most interesting golf photograph ever taken.

What Mr. Whigham says about training and tournament playing is much to the point, and his opinion of American courses, while not highly complimentary, is of inestimable value. The book is genial, pleasantly written, authoritative, and full of illuminating suggestions and sound advice.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peak and F. G. Aflalo; to be completed in two volumes. Volume I. A–Leo. With twenty full-page photogravures, and many illustrations in the text; gilt top. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.00. net

While there have been published from time to time exhaustive treatises on the various branches of British and American sport, we do not remember ever having seen between covers an encyclopædia of sport that includes so much or treats the matter in hand so admirably as this remarkable work edited by the Earl of Suffolk, the first volume of which has just been published. To the manufacture and appearance of the book too much praise cannot be given. The paper and type are good, the photogravure illustrations remarkably fine, and the cuts in the text applicable to the point at issue.

The public appealed to in America by this work is not so large as in Great Britain. Such articles, for instance, as those on Hawking, Elephant Tracking, Rugby Football, Deerstalking, Badminton, Coursing, etc., while interesting as literature, can have but a limited application in the United States. The work should be, however, for an avowedly English publication, of great interest and value to American sportsmen. The editors have, in many places, secured the best American authorities on American sport (witness Theodore Roosevelt on Bison, Caribou, and Rocky Mountain Goat), and concessions to American readers have everywhere been made, though there still breathes through its pages a comfortable sense of English sportsmanship, tweed suits, and roast beef. The book is certainly "up-to-date," most of last year's events being correctly indexed and described. For example, Miss Orr is given as the winner of the ladies' amateur championship (1897) in England, and R. D. Wrenn as the winner of the Lawn Tennis Championship (1897) in America.

Among the articles that really add to our knowledge of the sports considered, we note: Angling (John Bickerdyke), Kangaroos (H. R. Francis), Leopards and Panthers (Captain H. G. C. Swain), Falconry (Hon. Gerald Lascelles), Elephant Tracking (F. T. Pollock), Crocodile Shooting (H. R. P. Carter), Golf for Ladies (Mrs. Mackern), Broadswords (Captain A. Hutton), Big Game Measurements (Montague Brown), and Dogs (R. B. Lee). The book should find its way into every country club in America.

PEARLS STRUNG BY ELLA WEED. New York: Roy & Nicholls.

This little book is a collection of quotations, one for each day in the year, made by Miss Ella Weed, whose name will always be associated with the foundation and early years of Barnard College, as it will also live in the memory of so many women to whom her guiding influence, as well as the sweetness of her nature, endeared her during her lifetime and perpetuate her influence now that she is dead. The quotations thus gathered were never intended by her for publication, but were chosen for her own pleasure, and therefore represent her own taste and her own intellectual atmosphere. For this reason the book is very different from those of a superficially similar character which are put together by literary hacks for commercial purposes. It contains the marks of a definite personality and a definite taste, and as such will interest many more than those to whom Miss Weed herself was very dear. The object in publishing it is to help complete the $3000 fund intended to endow a scholarship in Barnard College in memory of Miss Weed. The selections have been edited for publication by Miss Anne Brown, with whom Miss Weed was associated in educational work.

SCHOOLBOY LIFE IN ENGLAND. By John Corbin. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25

This book gives an excellently written account of the three English public schools whose life is especially typical—Winchester, Eton, and

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Rugby—and it blends admirably the historical with the educational, besides setting forth the conditions of every-day life in each. There are also chapters on the public schools in general, and on these schools as contrasted with the best known American preparatory schools, such as Exeter and Andover. Mr. Corbin, being himself an American, tells just the things which an American is most eager to know, and supplements description with anecdote in a very pleasing and instructive manner. The book contains eighteen admirably executed illustrations.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

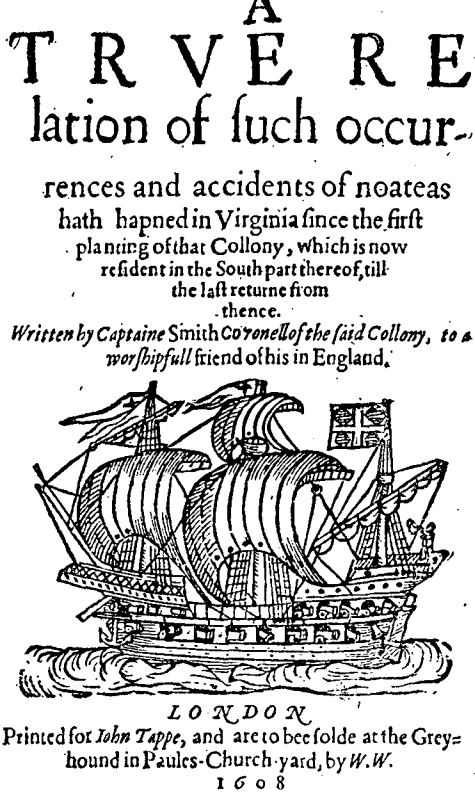
THE WORKS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Mr. Arber, in editing a collected edition of John Smith's works in 1884, said that Mr. Charles Deane had "done more than any man living to perpetuate the name and fame of Captain John Smith," President of Virginia and Admiral of New England. The Deane collection alone, among the great collections of Americana dispersed at auction, included a complete set of Smith's works, though unfortunately two were not first editions, and the condition of one or two others was not what the fastidious collector would desire.

Captain Smith's name is, and must always, in the popular mind, be associated with that of the Indian "princess," Pocahontas (she would be called a squaw in modern times), daughter of "King" or chief Powhatan. But few, except special students of our colonial history, realise that Smith was actually the founder of the first permanent English settlement on these shores (the previous adventure under Raleigh having failed utterly), the author of the first description in print of the Jamestown colony, the first man to give the name New England to the section with which it is still associated, and the author of the first book with New England on its title-page.

Before he came to America Smith had been, apparently, a professional fighter, and had served under various banners, in most of the countries of Continental Europe, including Turkey and Hungary, as well as in Asia and Africa. Europe being at peace, and the new western world holding out attractions to his adventurous spirit, he took command of the expedition sent out by the London Virginia Company, and came to Virginia in 1605. From that time until his death, in 1632, his time, money, and thought seems to have been spent in encouraging the development of the infant colonies founded on the James River and on Massachusetts Bay.

Smith's first effort as an author, and the earliest printed account of the Jamestown colony, was issued in 1608, with the title *A true Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony*. This is a book of great rarity, and it is a curious fact that among the known copies there are four varieties. These do not represent four editions, but only denote that the title was four times printed. What seems to be the first issue states that the Relation was "Written by a Gentleman of the said Collony;" the second variety states that it was "Written by Thos. Watson, Gent.;" the third that it was "Written by Captaine Smith one of the Said Collony;" and the fourth that it was "Written by Captaine Smith Coronell of the said Collony." Some copies have two pages of Preface lacking in others. This Preface "To the Courteous Reader" is signed with the Editor's initials I. H. In it he says that "some of the bookes were printed vnder the name of Thomas Watson, by whose occasion I know not vnlesse it were the ouer rashnesse, or


A
TRVE RE-
lation of ſuch occur-
rences and accidents of noateas
hath hapned in Virginia ſince the firſt
planting of that Collony, which is now
reſident in the South part thereof, till
the laſt returne from
thence.
Written by Captaine Smith *Coronell of the ſaid Collony, to a worſhipfull friend of his in England.*
LONDON
Printed for *Iohn Tappe*, and are to bee ſolde at the Grey-
hound in Paules-Church-yard, by *W. W.*
1608

mistaking of the workemen, but since hauing learned that the saide discourse was written by Captaine Smith, who is one of the Counsell there in Virginia: I thought good to make the like Apologie."

We know of only three sales at auction of this work in recent years, all having one of the "Smith" title-pages, and the two pages of Preface. These were the Ouvry copy, which sold,

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A MAP OF VIRGINIA.

VVITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COVNTREY, THE Commodities, People, Government and Religion.

VVritten by Captaine SMITH, *sometimes Governour of the Countrey.*

WHEREVNTO IS ANNEXED THE proceedings of those Colonies, since their first departure from England, with the discourses, Orations, and relations of the Salvages, and the accidents that befell them in all their Iournies and discoveries.

TAKEN FAITHFVLLY AS THEY were written out of the writings of

DOCTOR RVSSELL. THO. STVDLEY. ANAS TODKILL. IEFFRA ABOT. RICHARD WIFFIN. WILL. PHETTI PLACE. NATHANIEL POWELL. RICHARD POTS.

And the relations of divers other diligent obſervers there *preſent then, and now many of them in England.*

By VV. S.

AT OXFORD,

Printed by Joſeph Barnes. 1612.

in 1882, in London for £57; the Barlow copy, which sold for $570 in 1890, and was bought by the Boston Public Library, and the Deane copy, sold at Libbie's on March 31st for $1425. This latter copy was not uncut, as the catalogue described, but had been trimmed, and, moreover, three pages had been cut into a trifle at the bottom by the binder's knife. It had, however, the leaf preceding the title-page, having on it a large "A," which was not in the Barlow copy. The British Museum has two copies, both with the "Watson" title, and the Lenox Library has three copies, one with the title of the first issue, "Written by a Gentleman," and the others with the two varieties of the "Smith" title.

In 1612 Joseph Barnes printed, at the University Press in Oxford, Smith's second book, *A Map of Virginia. With a Description of the Countrey.* This is in two parts, the first by Smith himself, which had been, as the editor T. A[bbay] says in his Preface, "penned in the land it treateth of." It includes a short vocabulary of Indian words, "because many doe desire to knowe the maner of their language." The second part, with a separate title, "The Proceedings of the English Colony in Virginia," was edited from the accounts of several adventurers by W. S[trachey].

This book should have a folding map, which, unfortunately, is usually lacking. It was the first issue of the map of Virginia, which was afterward used in Smith's *Generall Historie* and in other books, and has in the upper left-hand corner an engraving of Powhatan's council house, with the inscription, "Powhatan Held this state & fashion when Capt Smith was deliuered to him prisoner, 1607." Murphy's copy, with the map, sold for $180 in 1884. Copies lacking the map have sold, Ives's, $36; Barlow's, $65; Deane's, $101. The Lenox Library has two perfect copies, one having a leaf of Dedication not in any of the other known copies.

In 1616 was published his *Description of New England*, and this is the first book in which the country is called New England, it having been previously called North Virginia. Among printed narratives of travels of Englishmen to the coast of New England, this stands third, having been preceded only by Brereton's *Brief and True Relation*, 1602, and Rosier's *True Relation*, of 1605. John Smith, then, was the author of the name New England. In his *New England's Trialls* he says, speaking of the colony, "This Virgins sister, now called New England, *an.* 1616. at my humble suit by our most gracious Prince Charles. . . ." The book was dedicated to "The High and Hopefvl Charles, Prince of Great Britaine," and after it was printed, but before the map was engraved, Charles altered some of the names given to places by Smith, and these old and new names were printed on a separate leaf, which is found inserted in a very few copies.

The book is prefaced by complimentary verses by John Davies, George Wither, and others. It should contain a map of New England, and this map is a bibliographical puzzle. It was used in several of Smith's books, and the copper plate was often touched up, new names being added and corrections made. At least ten states of the map are known. It was engraved for this book in 1616 by Simon Pass, and contains in the upper left-hand corner a portrait of Smith in armor, beneath which are engraved the following verses by John Davies:

"These are the Lines that shew thy Face; but those
That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee:
Thy Faire-Discoueries and Fowle-Overthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civiliz'd by thee
Best shew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wyn;
So, thou art Brasse without, but Golde within.
If so; in Brasse, two soft Smiths Acts to beare
I fix thy Fame, to make Brasse Steele out weare."

Mr. Brinley's two copies sold for $110 and $100; Mr. Ives's, which was one of the Brinley copies, for $192.50; the Deane copy sold for $350. All of these had the map, but none of them the rare leaf of names. Copies with the leaf of names are in the Boston Public Library and the Library of Congress. It is interesting to note that when this book was translated into German and published by Hulsius, in 1617, the reprinter had one of the copies with the leaf of names, and also with the first issue of the map, of which only one copy is now known, and that imperfect. For the German edition the map was re-engraved with text in German.

In 1620 Smith published his *New Englands Trials*, a book which seems to be of the highest degree of rarity. As we are unable to facsimile the title, we give a transcript taken from Mr. Arber's work.

New | Englands | Trials. | Declaring the successe of 26. Ships | employed thither within these sixe yeares: | with the benefit of that Countrey by Sea and | land: and how to build

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threescore sayle | of good Ships, to make a little Navie Royall. Written by Captaine | John Smith. | London, | Printed by William Iones. | 1620.

Curious to note, the two described copies differ in the leaf of Dedication. The Bodleian copy is dedicated to the "Aduenters to all discoueries and Plantations, espetially to New England," and the British Museum copy to "The Maister, the Wardens, and the Companie of the Fishmongers." The tract was intended primarily to encourage emigration to New England, and to secure funds for establishing a colony. Smith wrote in 1624: "Now all these proofes and this relation I now call New Englands triall. I caused two or three thousand of them to be printed: one thousand with a great many Maps both of Virginia and New England I presented to thirty of the chiefe Companies in London at their Halls desiring either generally or particularly (them that would) to imbrace it." And again, in 1630, he wrote: "Yet for all this, in all this time [1616–1621], though I had divulged to my great labour, cost and losse, more than seuen thousand Bookes and Maps, and moved the particular Companies in London, as also Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Merchants for a Plantation, all availed no more than to hew Rocks with Oister-shels."

In 1621 the second edition was published, much re-written, and the narrative expanded and "declaring the successe of 80 Ships employed thither within these eight yeares," and also giving an account of the "present estate of that happie Plantation [of Plymouth] begun but by 60 weake men in the yeare 1620." This second edition is also extremely rare. The Brinley copy was bought by the Lenox Library for $110, and the Deane copy, with five (out of thirteen) leaves in fac-simile, sold for $195. None of the other great collections of Americana dispersed at auction seem to have had it. There is a copy in the Carter Brown collection, from which Mr. Brown reprinted an edition of fifty copies in 1867.

Smith's next book, and his most important, was his *Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles*, published in 1624. This is a handsome folio, with engraved title-page and four folding maps, those of Virginia and New England used before, and two new ones engraved for this work, one a map of "Ould Virginia," with views of events in Smith's career, the other a map of the Summer Isles, or Bermudas, with views of buildings, etc., there.

It is partly a reprint with considerable alteration of Smith's previously printed works, with the exception of his first book, which is not included, and partly made up from material compiled by him from other narratives. The book is dedicated to the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, who probably furnished funds to enable Smith to print it. There were a few copies printed on large and thick paper; one of these, the dedication copy, specially bound, with the arms of the Duchess of Richmond on one side and those of James I. on the other, sold for £605 in the Beckford sale in 1883, and again for $1800 in the Brinley sale. It is now in the Lenox Library. The Duke of Warwick's large-paper copy sold for $1900 in the Barlow sale.

There seems to have been but one edition,

A DESCRIPTION of New England: OR THE OBSERVATIONS, AND discoueries, of Captain *John Smith* (Admirall of that Country) in the North of *America*, in the yeare *of our Lord* 1614: *with the successe of fiue Ships, that went the next yeare* 1615; *and the* accidents befell him among the *French men of warre*: With the proofe of the present benefit this Countrey affoords: whither this present yeare, 1616, *eight voluntary Ships are gone to make further tryall.*

At LONDON Printed by *Humfrey Lownes*, for *Robert Clerke*; and are to be sould at his house called the Lodge, in Chancery lane, ouer against Lincolnes Inne. 1616.

though there were several issues, the title-page only having been reprinted. The engraved title, which appears in all issues, changes having been made in the copper plate, is too intricate to be reduced for use in these pages. We are able, however, to reproduce the printed title of a, so far as known, unique copy of the second issue, dated 1625. This copy, now in a private collection in New York City, is the only one known with a title-page printed from type. The earliest issue is dated 1624; the enterprising publisher, to give the book an appearance of newness, probably, printed the next year this title from type, which was inserted in some copies. In later years, instead of setting up his type again for a new title-page, he altered the date on the copper plate, which was otherwise changed slightly more than once, and issued his "latest edition" of the History. There are issues known with the engraved title-pages dated 1624, 1626, 1627, 1631, and 1632. Of the edition of 1631 only a single copy is known.

In addition to the four folding maps some copies contain contemporary engraved portraits of the Duchess of Richmond, by William Pass, and of Matoaka, or Pocahontas, by Simon Pass. It is generally admitted that they do not necessarily belong with the book, at least not with the edition of 1624, but they are extremely rare and very desirable. Both were re-engraved toward the end of the last century, and the

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ADVERTISEMENTS

For the unexperienced Planters of *New-England*, or any where.

OR,

The Path-way to experience to erect a PLANTATION.

With the yearely proceedings of this Country in Fishing and Planting, since the yeare 1614. to the yeare 1630. and their present estate.

Also how to prevent the greatest inconveniences, by their proceedings in Virginia, *and other Plantations, by approved examples.*

With the Countries Armes, a description of the Coast, Harbours, Habitations, Land-markes, Latitude and Longitude: with the Map, allowed by our Royall King CHARLES.

By Captaine IOHN SMITH, sometimes Governour of VIRGINIA, and Admirall of NEVV-ENGLAND.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN HAVILAND, and are to be sold by ROBERT MILBOVRNE, at the Grey-hound in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1631.

copies are difficult to detect without comparison with one known to be genuine.

The book, in one or the other of its issues, is common enough, though it always brings a good price if in good condition. But, as the late Mr. Winsor says, "it has long been the delight of the discriminating collector who hunts down varieties with the zest of a botanist in an untried field." The Lenox Library has more than a dozen copies, each representing some variation. The Deane copy, 1624, without the portraits, sold for $330, and the Ives copy, 1627, with the portraits and with the errata, usually lacking, for $330. The same copy had sold for $140 in the Menzies sale.

In 1626 Smith published the first edition of a book on seamanship, naval gunnery, etc. This first edition has the title, *An | Accidence | or | The Path-way to | Experience. | Necessary for all Young Sea-men, or those | that are desirous to goe to Sea, . . . | . . . London: | Printed for Jonas Man, and Benjamin Fisher, . | . . . 1626.* | It is very rare, but the second, printed the next year, with the altered title, *A Sea Grammar, | With | The Plaine Exposition | of Smiths Accidence for young | Sea-men, enlarged. | . . . London, | Printed by Iohn Haviland, | 1627.* | comes up oftener in sales. Copies have sold as follows: Brinley, $50; Ives, $52.50; Deane, $170. It was afterward several times reprinted.

In 1625 the Rev. Samuel Purchas, in his great compilation of Voyages and Travels, with the title of *Purchas, His Pilgrimes*, gave a history of Smith's travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as of his doings in America. Smith took this account of his early life, revised it, and added to it a continuation of his History of Virginia from 1624 to 1629, and published it in 1630 as *The | True Travels, | Adventures, | and | Observations | of | Captaine Iohn Smith, | In Europe, Asia, Affrica, and America, from Anno | Domini 1593. to 1629. | . . . London, | Printed by I. H. for Thomas Slater . . . | 1630.* | There is inserted a large folding plate in nine compartments with the title, "Part of the Travels of Capt. Iohn Smith amongst the Turkes, Tartars, and others extracted out of the History by Iohn Fayn."

Smith's last work was published in 1631. This was a small quarto, with the title, *Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England or Anywhere.* It was written to stimulate emigration to the then newly founded Colony of Massachusetts Bay, of which John Winthrop was Governor, and should contain a folding map, the same map of New England which was first used in the *Description of New England*, 1616. It is a very rare volume, having sold in the Murphy sale for $125, in the Barlow sale for $310, and in the Deane sale for $630.

The bibliography of the various issues and editions of Smith's books has not yet been well worked out, or rather the result of such investigations has not yet been printed. Mr. Wilberforce Eames, to whom we are indebted for information, has the material ready for such a bibliography, which will appear in the next part of Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana*, which he contemplates carrying to completion.

L. S. Livingston.

THE GENERALL HISTORY

OF

VIRGINIA, NEVV-ENGLAND, and the SVMMER ILES: with the names of the Adventurers, Planters, and Governours, from their first beginning, Anº 1584. to this present 1625.

VVith the Proceedings of those Severall COLONIES, and the Accidents that befell them in all their Iourneyes and Discoveries.

Also,

The Maps and Descriptions of all those Countries, their Commodities, People, Government, Customes, and Religion yet knowne.

DIVIDED INTO SIXE BOOKES.

By Captaine IOHN SMITH, sometimes Governour in those Countries, and Admirall of NEVV-ENGLAND.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. D.* and *I. H.* for *Michael Sparke.*
1625.

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AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York in its new building in Fifty-sixth Street, near Eighth Avenue, opened to the public this library by a series of exhibitions and addresses, extending from March 27th to April 1st. Contrary to the character of most libraries belonging to these associations, the New York City branch has a very valuable collection of early printed and illustrated books. Among these are included many galleries, books on architecture and a noble collection of portraits mounted in volumes.

The literary exercise consisted of addresses running through several evenings, by Mr. George Haven Putnam, Mr. W. L. Frazer, of the art department of the *Century Magazine*, and others on making and illustration of the books. The Librarian of this collection is Mr. Silas H. Berry.

The Public Library at Helena, Mont., now twelve years old, reports the possession of 21,000 volumes, and a circulation for home use, during the past year, of over 83,000 volumes against 55,000 four years ago, and 5000 for the first year of the library's existence. The space given to the news from the library in the newspapers of Helena manifests the general interest taken in the institution.

An illustration of the wide interests which may be associated with the Public Library is given in the exhibition recently held in the Case Library, in Cleveland, Ohio. A large collection of plants illustrating the flora of the country was shown.

Following in the line in the statements made in the last number of THE BOOKMAN concerning the great interests now felt in early printed books, comes the announcement of an Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum to the year 1500. In this list no attempt is to be made to give a full collation of the books, but only brief title with reference to the printed catalogue, and to bibliographies like that of Hain. It is estimated that this book will make a volume of between eight and nine hundred pages. It will be interesting to compare the resources of the British Museum in this field with those in France as shown in the catalogue now being issued by Mlle. Pellechet. Considering how many works must be contained in the university and other old libraries in Great Britain, it would seem as if a general catalogue covering the whole country similar to this one in France would be more satisfactory and serviceable.

One of the oldest collections of books in New York City has practically ceased to exist as a separate institution. The New York hospital corporation in the earliest years of its existence, at the beginning of the century, started the creation of what was then the only medical library in New York, which it has maintained and developed to the present time. It has now turned over this collection substantially to the Academy of Medicine, to be incorporated with the excellent library of that institution. This seems a sensible course, and is one step further in the consolidation and re-organisation on a business basis of the libraries of New York. The 23,000 volumes thus transferred increase the library of the New York Academy of Medicine to over 60,000 volumes.

The natural course of the development of libraries in the three or four great intellectual and commercial centres in the country would seem to be the creation of one or two great general storehouses of books on all scientific and literary subjects, together with certain technical or professional libraries on special subjects, like law and medicine. Along with these libraries of research there will be the necessary libraries for the free distribution of reading matter among the people, and usually one or more proprietary libraries, which will furnish their patrons, on payment of a fee, with special facilities for getting at the last novel or volume of essays.

The Public or Municipal Library, as in the case of the Boston Public Library, may undertake to be a repository of books for the scholar, and at the same time to distribute popular reading matter to the people at large, but the two functions are essentially distinct. The Proprietary Library, the business of which is to cater to a privileged class, but which gives out to its readers substantially the same books as the Popular Circulating Library, seems often to misunderstand its position. When these Proprietary libraries were first started, they did more for scholars than any other institutions. They have now been outstripped by the great municipal libraries and by the universities. They still cling to their old collections of books, and often subject themselves to much expense in maintaining themselves on their old lines. Some of them have outgrown their old quarters, and must spend large sums for new storage space for books, nine tenths of which are rarely used, and the proper place for which is the nearest and best library for scientific scholarly research.

The Library of Columbia University has received a gift through the munificence of the Duc de Loubat which will be of vast importance when it becomes available. He has deeded to the University real estate in New York City appraised at $1,100,000, subject, however, to an annuity of $60,000 during his life. This gift is surpassed in extent by two or three given for libraries in this country, but is the largest yet made to a university library, most of which are very poor and have developed their collections from scanty resources. Columbia has been obliged always to work with limited resources, and has been dependent upon occasional gifts and money for its largest growth.

Many American libraries have been indebted to Duc de Loubat for gifts of interesting books. There have just been distributed to about thirty libraries, by direction of the Duc, copies of Hamy, *Galérie Américaine du Musée d'Ethnographie du Trocadéro*, containing sixty large plates with text.

A New York paper informs us that Mr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian at Princeton, arrived at Naples, early in April, to begin a quest for old

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illuminated manuscripts, missals, palimpsests, etc., for the College Library. More palimpsests will fill a longfelt want in our American libraries. Many institutions are still but ill provided with these useful articles.

The Boston Public Library has just issued a list of the collection of books on the History of Woman, given to that institution by Mr. T. W. Higginson, and called by him the "Galatea" collection. The collection is said to number about 1084 volumes. The list appears not to contain the works on the same subjects already in the library, which must have increased it materially. Perhaps the high reputation of the scholar who collected these books had led us to expect too much, but it is hard to repress a certain feeling of disappointment at the fragmentary and miscellaneous character of the collection. The shelves of the Boston Public Library must contain very much more on this subject than is here catalogued.

One feature of this collection, which seems to be out of place, is a section entitled "Women as Editors and Authors." This does not contain, as might be expected, a list of books dealing with the subject, but a very meagre collection of titles of books by women. The Boston Public Library must contain twenty entries of works by women to one here entered. If it shall be thought necessary, in gathering and arranging in a library a collection of books on the history of woman, to include all books written by women, it would seem that it is possible to carry the making of special collections to the point of absurdity. The next step must be a collection of books by or about man.

It may not be amiss to call the attention of those who are interested in the new Chicago Public Library building to the fact that the supplement of the *Inland Architect* for January is devoted to the illustration of that building.

The Denver, Col., City Library reports for the year 1890 the issuing for home use of 163,124 volumes, with the addition of 2558 volumes, and a total strength of the library 31,806 volumes.

The Gloversville, N. Y., Free Library is to receive by the will of the late Mrs. Electa A. Fay the sum of $25,000 as an endowment. The energetic and industrious librarian of this institution, Mr. Peck, has always emphasised the limited resources with which he was able to accomplish considerable, and it is to be hoped this bequest will not interfere with his useful work.

In connection with the efforts which have been made by the coterie of bibliographers at Brussels to introduce the decimal system of classed subject catalogues in Europe, it is interesting to note that a very marked tendency in favour of the alphabetical or dictionary catalogues has found recent expression in a number of conferences of librarians in Europe, and in articles by bibliographers and librarians of high standing. This sentiment found especial approval at the recent meeting of the library section of the association of German philologists, held in Dresden.

The well-known librarian of the University Library at Halle, Dr. Otto Hartwig, who is now in his sixty-eighth year, has received a leave of absence for six months on account of serious trouble with his eyes. Dr. Hartwig has been since its beginning the editor of the *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, which with the possible exception of the *Library Journal* is by far the most important and useful of all periodicals devoted to the library.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. De Concilio, late rector of St. Michael's Church in Jersey City, has bequeathed his library to Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J. It is said to be a large and valuable collection of works on theology and philosophy.

The New York State Library School and the Pratt Institute Library School devote to Boston his year their tour of library inspection, and were the guests of the Massachusetts Library Club at its meeting, April 11th.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

THE DEANE SALE.

The second part of the American library of the late Charles Deane was sold by Messrs. Libbie and Company, in Boston, from March 29th to April 1st. It included some rare and interesting items, and prices in general ran high. The highest price was $1425, which was paid for a copy of John Smith's first book, the title of which is herewith reproduced.

A few interesting autographs were offered at the end of the sale, including some valuable American specimens. One was a very interesting autograph letter, signed, of William Bradford, President of the Plymouth Colony, to John Winthrop, Deputy-Governor of Massachusetts Colony, asking him to keep an agreement made with some Indians who had been catching sturgeon for him. This was the letter which was sent to England for comparison with the manuscript *Log Book* in the Fulham Library. It was a very fine specimen, and brought $1030. An autograph letter, signed, of Edward Winslow, Governor of Plymouth Colony, sold for $140, and one of Governor John Winthrop sold for $145.

The following books were of especial interest and brought high prices:

Lechford's *Plain Dealing; or, Newes from New England*, London, 1642. $71.

A Relation of Maryland, 1635, with the map and four pages in fac-simile. $75.

Mason's *Brief History of the Pequot War*, Boston, 1736, lacking the half title. $120.

A complete set of the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, including the original volumes, as well as the reprints, 64 vols. $360.

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Mather's *Brief History of the War with the Indians in New England*, London, 1676, with the very rare half title, a fine copy. $130.

Mather's *Relation of the Troubles which have Happened in New England, by reason of the Indians there*, Boston, 1677, with the last leaf damaged and mended, and some words in fac-simile, but with the autographs of Increase Mather and Jorusha Mather, his daughter, on the title-page. $170.

Mather's *Collection of Offensive Matters contained in The Order of the Gospel Revived*, Boston, 1701. $40.

Mitchell's *Defence of the Answer and Arguments of the Synod met at Boston in the year 1662, against the reply made thereto, by the Rev. John Davenport*, Cambridge, 1664. $78.

Commissions du Roy et de Monseigneur l'Admiral, au Sieur de Montes pour l'habitation es terres de Lacadie Canada, Paris, 1605. $40.

More's *Utopia*, first edition, London, 1551, a very fine and large copy. $137.50.

Morton's *New England's Memorial*, Boston, 1669, with many marginal notes cut into. $125.

Morton's *New English Canaan*, Amsterdam, 1637, a fair copy. $110.

Mourt's *Relation or Iournal of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation setled at Plimoth in New England*, London, 1622, title and some leaves remargined, but a good copy. $320.

A Brief Relation of the Discovery and Plantation of New England, London, 1622, with seven leaves and part of title in fac-simile. $80. A perfect copy sold in the first sale for $450.

The Humble Petition and Address of the General Court at Boston unto the High and mighty Prince Charles the Second, 1660. $45.

A True Account of the Most Considerable Occurrences that have hapned in the Warre between the English and the Indians in New England, London, 1676. $41.

New and Further Narrative of the State of New England, being a continued account of the Bloudy Indian War, London, 1676. $51.

The Book of General Laws of the Inhabitants of the Jurisdiction of New Plimouth, Cambridge, 1672, with the title-page and last leaf in fac-simile. $130.

Purchas' *Collection of Voyages*, including the best edition, in 5 vols., with three earlier editions of Vol. I., and a duplicate of Vol. IV., the latter being Thomas Prince's own copy, with manuscript notes. $382.50.

Pynchon's *Covenant of Nature made with Adam, described and cleared from sundry great Mistakes*, London, 1662. $75.

Raleigh's *Discoverie of the Large, rich and bewtiful Empire of Guinea*, London, 1596. $76.

Robinson's *Several Epistles given forth by two of the Lord's faithful Servants whom he sent to New England, to bear Witness to his everlasting Truth*, London, 1669. $85.

True History of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, London, 1682. $80.

Royal American Magazine, Vol. I., and two numbers of Vol. II., with scarce portraits and copper plates engraved by Paul Revere. $160.

Sandys' *Relation of the State of Religion*, London, 1605, John Robinson's copy, with his autograph on the title-page. $455.

Saybrook *Confession and Platform*, New London, 1710, the first book printed in Connecticut. $140.

Smith's *True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia*, London, 1608. $1425.

Smith's *Map of Virginia*, Oxford, 1612. Map in fac-simile. $101.

Smith's *Description of New England*, London, 1616. $350.

Smith's *New England's Trials*, second edition, London, 1622, five leaves in fac-simile. $195.

Smith's *Sea Grammar*, second edition, London, 1627. $170.

Smith's *General Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles*, London, first edition, 1624, with fac-similes of the two scarce portraits inserted. $330.

Smith's *True Travels, Adventures, and Observations*, London, 1630, with the folding plate cut up. $160.

Smith's *Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere*, London, 1631, a fine copy. $630.

Stevenson's *Call from Death to Life*, London, 1660. $75.

Underhill's *News from America; or, a new and experimental discoverie of New England*, London, 1638, plan in fac-simile and some leaves cut into. $180.

Cosmographia. [*St. Die*], *Septembris*, 1507, a very fine copy. $210.

Vincent's *True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New England between the English and the Pequot Salvages*, London, 1637, a fine copy. $240.

True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, London, 1610, cut into at top and bottom. $230.

White's *Planter's Plea*, London, 1630, a fair copy. $75.

Williams' *Key into the Language of America*, London, 1643, headlines cut into. $86.

Williams', G., *Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes*, Boston, 1676, title-page and next three leaves in fac-simile. $70.

Winslow's *Good News from New England*, London, 1624, a fine copy of the first issue. $800.

Winslow's *Hypocrisie Unmasked*, London, 1646, six pages in fac-simile. $70.

Wood's *New England's Prospect*, London, first edition, 1634, a fine copy. $330.

Woodnoth's *Short Collection of the most Remarkable Passages from the Original to the Dissolution of the Virginia Company*, London, 1651, a fine copy. $100.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1898.

Notwithstanding the rumours of war the book trade continues fair for this season of the year, owing, perhaps, to the fact that it is not a time for the purchase of considerable stock, but only of such goods as are in immediate demand.

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The publications have been about as numerous as usual for the month, but have included few of special note. Those likely to reach the best sales are *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill; *The Romance of Zion Chapel*, by Richard Le Gallienne, and *The Vintage*, by E. F. Benson. *The Science of Political Economy*, by Henry George, and *The Twentieth Century City*, by Josiah Strong, are also included in the month's publications. The latter book has been particularly well received by the trade wherever shown, and the demand for it is already good, so that it bids fair to equal in popularity Dr. Strong's previous works, which have reached a combined sale of over two hundred thousand copies.

The issuing of a popular edition of *With Fire and Sword*, by Sienkiewicz, which the publishers claim to be a stronger work than *Quo Vadis*, has proved a successful venture, as the book is already in great demand. The publication in serial form of *Rupert of Henzau* has created a considerable advance call for the book, but the publishers say it will not be ready before August. Of the popular publications since the first of the year still selling largely may be mentioned *Simon Dale*, *Shrewsbury*, *A Desert Drama*, and *The War of the Worlds*, while of longer standing are *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *Quo Vadis*, and *The Choir Invisible*, continuing in almost unabated demand.

The annually revised editions of Cassell's *Pocket Guide to Europe* and the *Satchel Guide* are ready, and together with the various works on flowers, birds, sports, and out-door subjects generally are meeting with the customary sales accorded to this class of literature at this time of the year.

Easter literature as a whole, outside of booklets and cards, is having a very limited sale. Religious books generally, however, have sold well, particularly *In His Steps*, *The Ideal Life*, and *Christianity the World-Religion*. Library trade has continued good, and textbooks received an impetus in filling the demands for the new studies to be taken up after the spring vacations. In connection with this may be mentioned the placing on the market of *The Students' Standard Dictionary*, which is a very attractive abridgment of *The Standard Dictionary*, a now thoroughly established authority.

Miscellaneous subjects, such as travel, history, biography, etc., while selling steadily, have shown no marked increase, nor has there been any title of special prominence.

Paper-bound books, while increasing in sale as the season advances, show no particular activity with the exception of *Billy Hamilton*, by Gunter, and Anna Katherine Green's new book, *Lost Man's Lane*.

The leading sellers of the month in their order of popularity are as follows:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.60.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

The Ideal Life. By Henry Drummond. $1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1898.

Business was remarkably even, as a whole, last month. The thickening of the war cloud possibly accounted for a falling off toward the close, for in times of public excitement, when sensational newspaper reports are being eagerly read, regular fiction in particular and literature in general suffers considerably.

War books are more popular than anything else just now. Everything in this line is going well. Manuals of tactics, works on strategy, treatises on famous campaigns and battles, lives of great generals, novels of the fighting kind—anything, in fact, with a battle in it is being called for.

Judging from its success as a serial, which is almost without parallel, Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* may be expected to have an immense sale when it appears in book form this summer. Kipling's *Just-So Stories* have also met with astonishing success in *St. Nicholas*.

A new and cheaper edition of Sienkiewicz's *With Fire and Sword* was issued last month, and is being very well taken up by the trade. *Quo Vadis* still leads the van in the sales of popular books, a position which it has now kept for more than a year. Few books make so good a record as this, and what is more remarkable, the demand shows no sign of abatement.

The Celebrity, by Winston Churchill, made a decided "hit" last month, and the run upon the book soon exhausted the first edition. It is not unlikely to sell well during the summer months, as it belongs to the type of book usually preferred for vacation reading.

Zola's *Paris* was the most successful of last month's publications, the demand for it profiting not a little from the public prominence the author recently attained.

Several publishers are using the word *impression* instead of *edition* to designate the times a book goes to press. The new term may or may not be the better one, but it will be a long time before it is generally used, for it is hard to change trade expressions of long standing.

Books on gold mining and Alaskan guidebooks are selling at a lively rate now, which shows that public interest in the Klondike is far from over.

Spanish histories are, as might be expected, very frequently called for now. Mrs. Latimer's

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Spain in the Nineteenth Century leads the demand, on account of its being undoubtedly the best work on Spain to recommend to customers eager for information.

Stephen Phillips's *Poems* and *The Habitant*, by Drummond, are among the most salable of the spring crop of poets. What is the matter with our own singers in these days? As a nation we certainly are not unmusical, but the dearth of good national poetry is really deplorable.

Following Zola's *Paris*, the most successful of the books published last month were *From the Other Side*, by H. B. Fuller; *The War of the Worlds*, by H. G. Wells; *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill; *The Children of the Sea*, by Joseph Conrad; *A Voyage of Consolation*, by Mrs. Cotes, and *The Science of Political Economy*, by Henry George.

The publication of the American edition of Joseph Conrad's last book (called *The Nigger of the Narcissus* in England) under the more suitable title of *The Children of the Sea* brings before one's notice the apparent desire on the part of American publishers to fit appropriate titles to books. Too much care cannot be given to the choice of a title, for from a mercantile point of view a good title, suggestive of the matter inside, is an important factor in a book's success.

Sales of last month's leading books were very good, such books as *The Choir Invisible*, *Simon Dale*, *An Imperial Lover*, *The Gadfly*, and *Shrewsbury* selling in large quantities. The order of popularity as determined by the numbers sold was:

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Fire and Sword. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas J. Hudson. $1.50.

Paris. By Émile Zola. 2 vols. $2.00.

An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. Latimer. $2.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.

A Desert Drama. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

The War of the World. By H. G. Wells. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, February 21 to March 19, 1898.

Business during the period above indicated has shown a certain amount of activity for the season. No doubt the late winter is in some degree responsible for this, for the bookseller recognises that "stay-at-home" weather is the most favourable kind for his calling. Foreign and colonial business continues steady, and does not fluctuate from time to time, as was formerly the case. The increased facilities for the quick transit of goods may, in some measure, tend to equalise the buying.

On all sides the decreased demand for Lenten literature has called for remark. There does not appear to be a single work in this class for which there has been a sufficient demand to call for notice, and the more ready selling ones have been 6d. or 1s. publications only.

The 6s. novel is still a splendid item of business, and in fiction generally there have not been the lessened sales usually so noticeable at this season of the year. The favourite novel is *Simon Dale*, *The King with Two Faces* being also popular.

The spring publishing season is a very busy one, the number of 6s. novels being very large. About one hundred and fifty new books per week have been issued for some time past. This statement will give some idea of the difficulty the bookseller of to-day has to encounter in selecting his stock.

Several accounts of the Frontier War in India have been published, and have been met by a moderate demand. Fincastle's *Frontier Campaign* is the favourite in this class at present.

There is still a small demand only for theological works, and the falling off of late in the sale of this class of publication is very marked. No modern writers take the places formerly occupied by Goulburn, Oxenden, and Macduff.

With the approach of spring there is a movement in works on gardening and outdoor pursuits generally, such as butterfly, bird, and flower-collecting and the like. Sandow's book on Strength continues to be asked for from all quarters. What a muscular generation is growing around us!

The usual list of the most popular books is appended, and the only remark called for is to direct attention to the fact of the continuity of the sale of some of those named. The arrangement has no significance.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

Poor Max. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Hugh Wynne. By W. Mitchell. 6s. (Unwin)

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s. (Skeffington.)

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Paris, Rome, and Lourdes. By É. Zola. 3s. 6d. each. (Chatto.)

More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

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Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)
Cassock and Comedy. By Athol Forbes. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
Rosa Nouchette Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Gray. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden)
A Frontier Campaign. By Viscount Fincastle and P. C. E. Lockhart. 6s. (Methuen.)
A Ballad of Reading Gaol. By C.3.3. 2s. 6d. net. (Smithers.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1, 1898, and April 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott)
4. By Right of Sword. By Marchmont. $1.25. (New Amsterdam Book Co.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Son of the Czar. By Graham. $1.25. (Stokes.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Young Blood. By Hornung. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Voyage of Consolation. By Duncan. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lorraine. By Chambers. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Daughters of Two Nations. By McClelland. $1.25. (McClurg.)
4. In the Crucible. By Litchfield. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
5. Sunset. By Whitby. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Guavas, the Tinner. By Baring-Gould. 50 cts. (Lippincott.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott Co.)
6. The Workers. By Wyckoff. $1.25. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6 A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (Stone.)
6. In Tune with the Infinite. By Trine. $1.25. (Crowell.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Golf. By Whigham. $1.50. (Stone.)
5. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.,
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
5. An Imperial Lover. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. 2 vols. (Century Co.)

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CINCINNATI, O.

1. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00 and $1.00 edition. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00, $1.00, and 25 cts. edition. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Descendant. By Glasgow. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Philopolist. By Goss. $1.00. (Clarke.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. War of the Worlds. By Wells. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Madam of Ivies. By Train. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
4. Dreamers of the Ghetto. By Zangwill. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $1 00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
5. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott Co.)
4. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. By Right of Sword. By Marchmont. $1.25. (New Amsterdam Book Co.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. In His Steps. By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
3. Select Documents of United States History. By MacDonald. Net, $2.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Eighty Years and More. By Stanton. $2.00. (European Pub. Co.)
5. Science of Political Economy. By George. $2.50. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.)
6. Cheerful Yesterdays. By Higginson. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Lion of Janina. By Jokai. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.25. (Stone.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Alaska, the New Eldorado. By Wells. 50 cts. (J. K. Gill Co.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. Paper, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. Paper, 50 cts. (Stone & Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes)
5. A Realised Ideal. By Magruder. $1.25. (Stone & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. 2 vols. (Century Co.)
5. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. $1.25. (Doxey.)
6. The Lark. Books 1 and 2. $3.00 each. (Doxey.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
6. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. David Lyall's Love Story. By the author of "The Land o' the Leal." Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
2. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Library.)
4. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
5. The Story of Al. By Waterloo. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
6. Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Bell's Colonial (Library.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. * Simon Dale. By Hope. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)
2. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)
3. * Judith Moore. By Wood. $1.00. (Ontario Publishing Co.)
4. * A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
5. † Shrewsbury. By Weyman. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. * A Desert Drama. By Doyle. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)

WACO, TEX.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Vintage. By Benson. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Billy Hamilton. By Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Pub. Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. Bladys of the Stewponey. By Baring-Gould. $1.25. (Stokes.)
5. Old Santa Fé Trail. By Inman. $3.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Simon Dale. By Hope.
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle.
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
6. Paris. By Zola.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This Little World, by David Christie Murray.
Eastern Journeys, by Charles A. Dana.
The Animal World, compiled and edited by Frank Vincent, M.A.
A Forgotten Sin, by Dorothea Gerard.

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

The Twentieth Century City, by Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

* Canadian edition.
† Colonial edition.

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GEORGE BELL & SONS, London.

The Cathedral Church of Hereford, by A. Hugh Fisher.

A. L. BRADLEY & Co., Boston.

Unequally Yoked, by Mrs. J. H. Needell.

THE BURROWS BROS. Co., Cleveland.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Vol. XV.

T. S. DENISON, Chicago.

Scrap-Book Recitations, by H. M. Soper.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York.

Tonkin to India, by Prince Henri D'Orléans.

Forty Days of the Risen Life, by Boyd Carpenter.

The Holy Father and the Living Christ, by Peter Taylor Forsyth.

The Children of the Sea, by Joseph Conrad.

The Diplomatic History of America, by Henry Harrisse.

The Mystery of Life, by Harry E. Richards.

The Clerical Life, by Rev. John Watson, D.D., and others.

Charles Dickens, by George Gissing.

With the Conquering Turk, by G. W. Steevens.

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE Co., New York.

Little Masterpieces, edited by Bliss Perry, Benjamin Franklin.

The Spirit of Sweetwater, by Hamlin Garland.

A Minister of the World, by Caroline Atwater Mason.

Little Masterpieces, Daniel Webster.

E. P. DUTTON Co., New York.

Eugene Field in His Home, by Ida Comstock Below.

EATON & MAINS, New York.

Schwester Anna, by Felicia Buttz Clark.

The Best of Browning, by James Mudge.

Heroic Personalities, by Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

P. ECKLER, New York.

The Life of Jesus, by Ernest Renan.

THE EQUITABLE PUBLISHING Co., New York.

The Labourer and the Capitalist, by Freeman Otis Willey.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, New York.

The Man who Outlived Himself, by Albion W. Tourgée.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York.

The Christian Gentleman, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

GINN & Co., Boston.

The Story-Teller's Art, by Charity Dye.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Awakening of a Nation, by Charles F. Lummis.

International Monetary Conferences, by Henry B. Russell.

Dreamers of the Ghetto, by I. Zangwill.

The War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells.

Spun-Yarn, by Morgan Robertson.

Wonder Tales from Wagner, by Anna Alice Chapin.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston.

Voltaire's Prose.

THE HELMAN-TAYLOR Co., Cleveland.

Weh Down Souf, by Daniel Webster Davis.

B. HERDER, St. Louis.

New Rubáiyát, by Conde Benoist Pallen.

E. R. HERRICK & Co., New York.

The Herods, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

The Earnest Communicant, originally compiled by the Most Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D.

Crossing the Bar, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

King Circumstance, by Edwin Pugh.

Fighting for Favour, by W. G. Tarbet.

The Durket Sperret, by Sarah Barnwell Elliott.

Religious Pamphlets, Selected and Arranged by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

Poems, by Florence Earle Coates.

Cheerful Yesterdays, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The Pilgrims in their Three Homes, by William Elliot Griffis.

At the Sign of the Silver Crescent, by Helen Choate Prince.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS, New York.

The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., Boston.

Marching with Gomez, by Grover Flint.

JOHN LANE, New York.

Fantasias, by George Egerton.

The Making of Matthias, by J. S. Fletcher.

Admirals All, and Other Verses, by Henry Newbolt.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

Progress of Art in English Church Architecture, illustrated, by T. S. Robertson.

Victor Serenus, by Henry Wood.

History of our Country, by Edward S. Ellis.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.

A Desert Drama, being the Tragedy of the Korosko, by A. Conan Doyle.

Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, edited by David Patrick, LL.D., and Francis Hindes Groome.

Madam of the Ivies, by Elizabeth Phipps Train.

Ray's Recruit, by Captain Charles King.

Heirlooms in Miniature, by Annie Hollingsworth Wharton.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., New York.

Memoirs and Letters of Chancellor Kent, 1763–1847, by his Great-grandson, William Kent.

Parkman's Works, The Oregon Trail, I. and II. Vol. XIX. and XX. Champlain Edition. Illustrated.

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LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.

The Sundering Flood, by William Morris.

THE LOTHROP PUBLISHING Co., Boston.

The Pansy Books, Reuben's Hindrances: A Story for Boys, by Mrs. G. R. Alden.
Bilberry Boys and Girls, by Sophie Swett.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York.

Through Finland in Carts, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.
Social Hours with Celebrities, being the Third and Fourth Volumes of "Gossip of the Century," by the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, edited by her sister, Miss R. H. Busk. Illustrated. 2 vols.
Aristocracy and Evolution, by W. H. Mallock.
Told in the Coffee House, Turkish Tales, collected and done into English by Cyrus Adler and Allan Ramsay.
The Bremen Lectures on Great Religious Questions of To-day, by Various European Divines, translated from the original German by David Heagle, D.D.
The Meaning of Education, by Nicholas Murray Butler.
Plain Living, A Bush Idyll, by Rolf Boldrewood.
Mirabeau, by P. F. Willert.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., Chicago.

Dynamic Idealism, by Alfred H. Lloyd, Ph.D.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, New York.

So Runs the World, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.
The Girl from Hong Kong, by St. George Rathbone.
Sarita, by Captain Allen Smith.
The Sword of the Pyramids, by Edward Lyman Bill.
Musings of Morn, by Junius L. Hempstead.
The Girl from Paris, by Roland Oswell Rankin.
The Madness of Love, by Leonard Gill.
Cheiro's Language of the Hand.
Though Your Sins be as Scarlet, by Marie Florence Giles.
How to Right a Wrong, by Moses Samelson.
The Senator's Wife, by Melville Philips.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In the Depths of the First Degree, a Romance, of the Battle of Bull Run, by James Doran.
The Gotham of Yasmar: A Satire, by N. J. Clodfelter.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

Some Common Errors of Speech, by Alfred G. Compton.
In the Midst of Life, Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, by Ambrose Bierce.
A History of the English Poor Law, by Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B. 2 vols.

RAND, MCNALLY & Co., Chicago.

For Love of a Bedouin Maid, by Le Voleur.
Half Round the World to Find a Husband, by May Crommelin.
Alaska, History, Climate, and Natural Resources, by A. P. Swineford.
Her Promise True, by Dora Russell.
Whoso Findeth a Wife, by William Le Queux.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & Co., New York.

Autumn Manœuvres, Stories, and Sketches, by Ludovic Halévy.

A. M. ROBERTSON, San Francisco.

The New Life (La Vita Nuova), translated from the Italian of Dante Alighieri, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

WALTER SCOTT, London.

Criticisms, Reflections, and Maxims of Goethe, translated with an Introduction, by W. B. Rönnfeldt.
Essays of Schopenhauer, translated by Mrs. Rudolf Dircks. With an Introduction.
Renan's Life of Jesus, translated, with an Introduction, by William G. Hutchinson.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

Napoleon III. and his Court, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin.
Tales of the City Room, by Elizabeth G. Jordan.
The Heart of Midlothian, by Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols.
The Works of James Whitcomb Riley: Rhymes of Childhood.
Music, How it Came to be What it Is, by Hannah Smith, Illustrated.
Tales of Unrest, by Joseph Conrad.
Port Royal Education, by Felix Cadet.

SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York.

Stepping-Stones to Literature, a Reader for Sixth Grades, by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co, Boston.

Complete Prose Works, Specimen Days and Collect, November Boughs and Good-Bye My Fancy, by Walt Whitman.

HERBERT S. STONE & Co., Chicago.

How to Play Golf, by H. J. Whigham.
Across the Salt Seas, by John Bloundelle-Burton.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, New York.

The Trial of Émile Zola.

VAN VECHTEN & ELLIS, Wausau, Wis.

An American Mother, and Other Stories, by Mary Lanman Underwood.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York.

The Spring of the Day, by Hugh Macmillan, D.D.

Sanitary Engineering, by William Paul Gerhard, C.E., published by the Author.
The Mortarboard, Published by the Junior Class of Barnard College.

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